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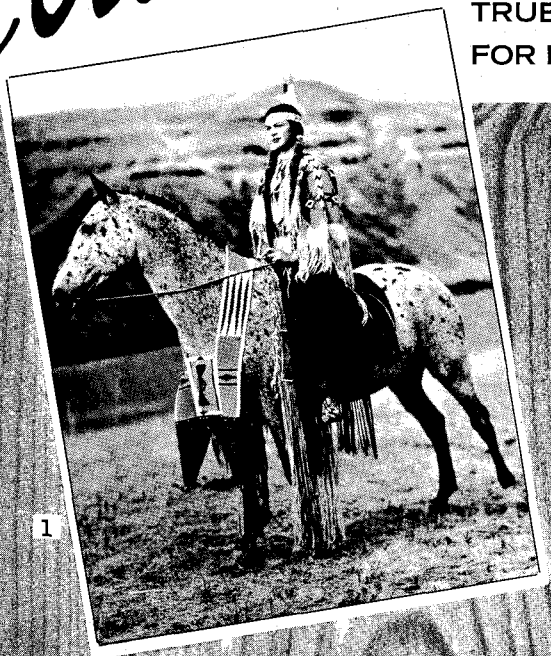
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Truly Western

An Unforgettable Winter

Ruth Armstrong's story of the great blizzard of 1889 in the February issue was quite interesting to me as I heard the story a long time ago from my father-in-law, the late John C. Calhoun. He was a direct descendant of the John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) who was Senator from North Carolina.

John C. Calhoun lived in Watrous, New Mexico during that storm. He was twenty-one years old and was working in the old Rankin store. He had quit riding the range one year before when he married Leneta Gentry. He died in Richmond, California March 20, 1953.—M. C. Armstrong, 188 Ashlar Drive, Napa, California 94558

Everybody Back to the Schoolhouse

I have a rather unusual hobby of collecting jump rope rhymes. They are, as far as I know, the only form of lore that is actually created by children and transmitted from child to child, possibly without adult assistance.

It is my hope to collect jump rope rhymes from all parts of America and perhaps eventually publish them.

In this spirit, I invite your subscribers to send me any rhymes that they may know. Information about the rhymes themselves (where they were first heard, how old they are, etc.) would be welcomed although not essential.—Nancy L. Sharp. 3614 Dalen Place, Bakersfield, California 93309

Charlie Rich

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for printing the article about my father in the April issue of *True West* ("Bill Hickok's Friends"). He was everything I said he was. There are

(*Continued on page 38*)

This interesting photo was sent in by Jack Neil of Yuma, Arizona. It shows members of a non-Hollywood based movie company around 1910. The cowboy standing in center, third row from the front, is Harry Knight, a Yuma resident who lived to a ripe old age. None of the other folks is identified.

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Fall 1978 Old West

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

September-October, 1978
Vol. 26, No. 1
Whole No. 149

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee
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Courtesy Bernard Picture Co., Inc., N.Y., Publishers

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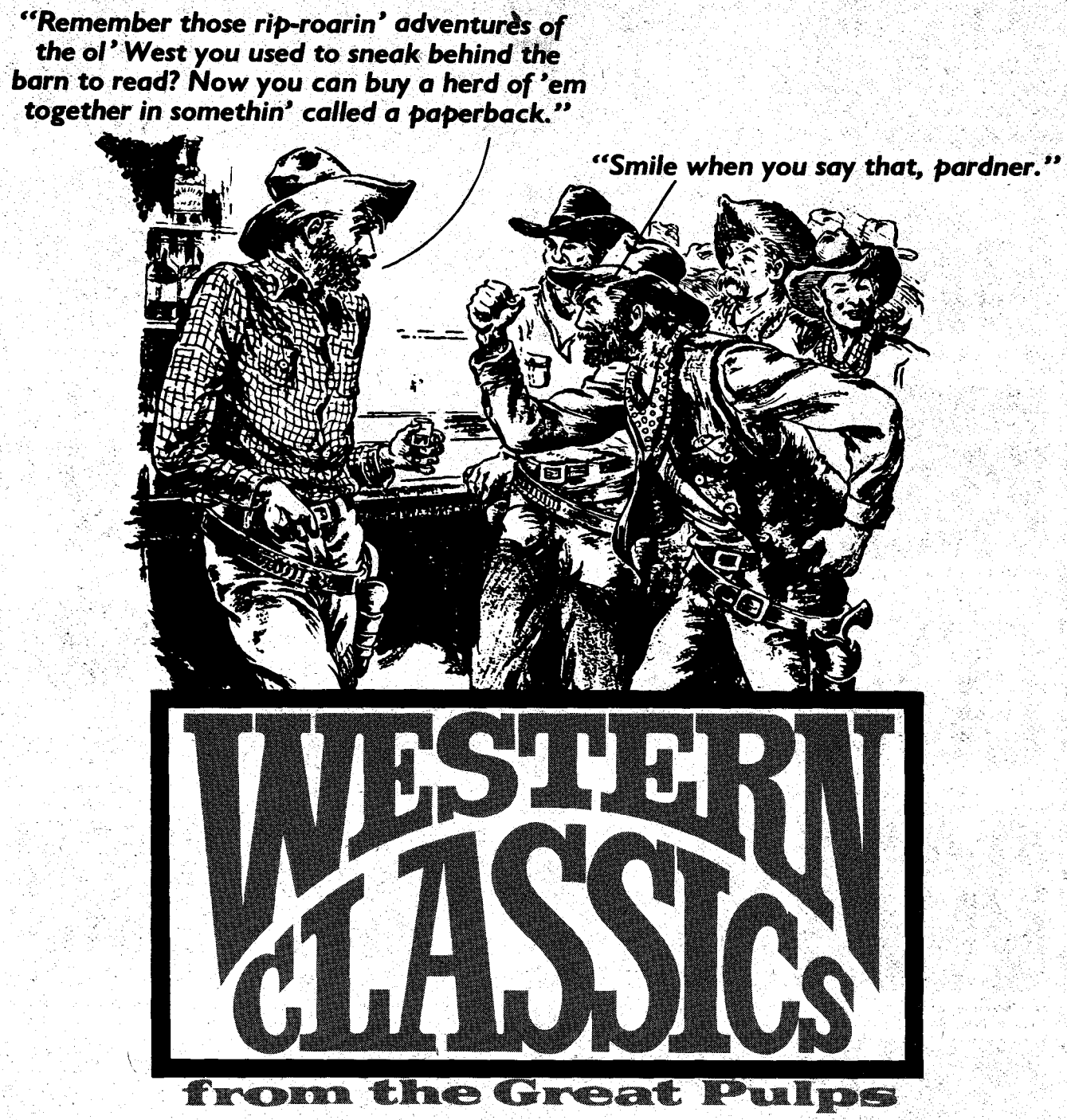

Edited by Damon Knight

In the olden days of the 1940s, characters like snaggle-toothed rustlers, roving saddle bums, and scarlet ladies with hearts of gold were immortalized in such publications as *Dime Westerns* and *Wild West*.

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1817

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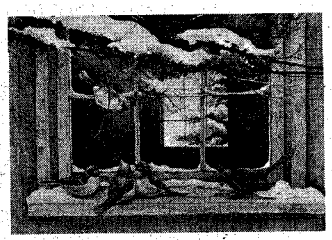
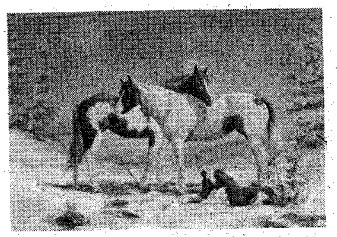
1745 "Christmas trees and candle glow, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



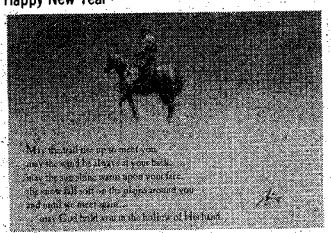
3128 Christmas Dinner Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



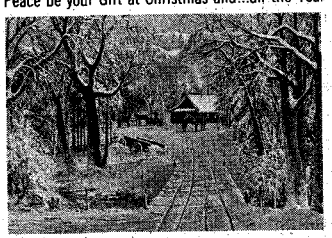
1656 Silent Night...All is Calm, All is Bright May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and...all the Year

1334 From the Two of Us "To those we love and... friends, etc." Merry Christmas from the two of us!

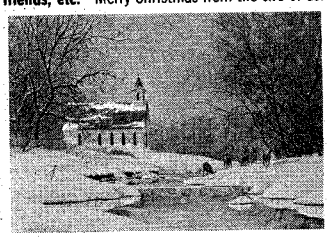
1662 Santa's Helpers May Christmas bring to you the music of laughter...warmth...the spirit of love



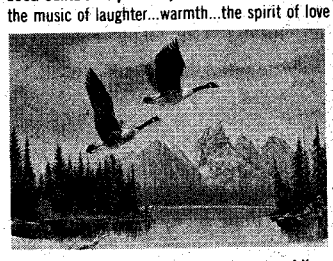
1304 "May the trail rise up, etc." Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year



1140 "The wonder of Christmas, etc." May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, etc.



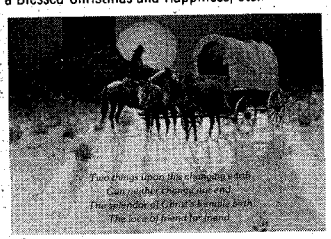
1692 "...Christ's humble birth, etc." Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness, etc.



3125 "...face to face, With creatures sublime, etc." Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

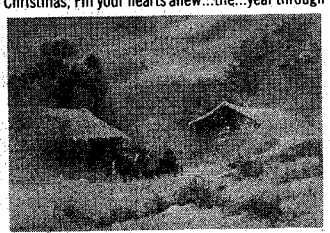
1472 A Christmas Surprise May the miracle of Christmas, Fill your hearts anew...the...year through

1815 "...Here is continual worship, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



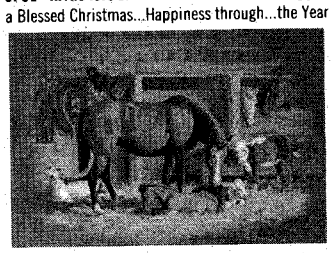
1701 "...The love of friend for friend." Wishing you a Blessed Christmas...Happiness through...the Year

3118 "Glory to God, etc." May you have the Spirit of Christmas...Peace...the Heart of Christmas...Love

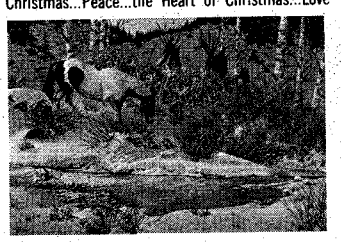


1681 Never too cold...too deep the snow, To wish you the Merriest Christmas, Our...Lord can bestow!

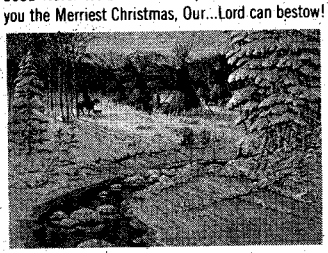
1435 "A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer" Poem inside May...Peace...Joy of Christmas be with you, etc.



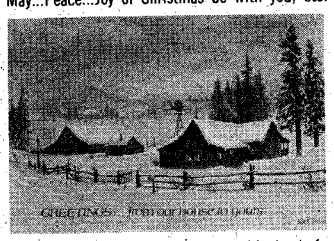
1498 "...small wonders...cause joyful happenings, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



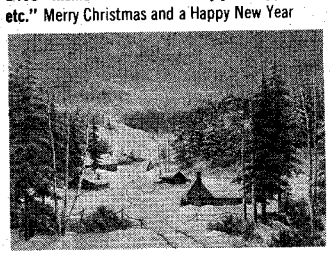
1807 "...Great Spirit sends the dawn, etc." May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and...the Year



1804 "The hearth is lit, etc." Best Wishes at Christmas...may...Great Spirit watch over you, etc.

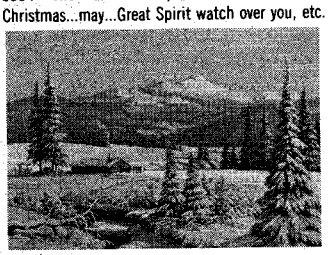


1139 "Greetings..." We send this card instead of a letter...Merry Christmas



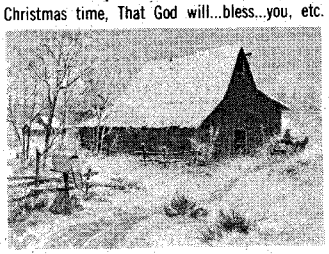
1704 Winter Splendor This brings a prayer at Christmas time, That God will...bless...you, etc.

1632 Santa's Christmas Pack Train Packing...loads of joy for Christmas...good wishes for...the Year



1816 May the meaning of the Season be deeper, Its friendships stronger...As Christmas comes, etc.

3121 It's Christmas again! May yours be a joyful one and your New Year Happy!



1678 Christmas News and Packages R.F.D. May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and...the Year

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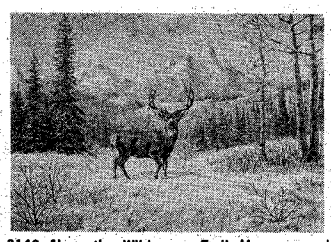
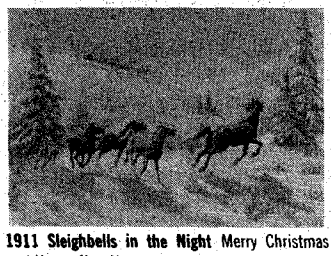
1694 ...God bless and keep you, and...May you have a Merry Christmas in the...old-fashioned way!



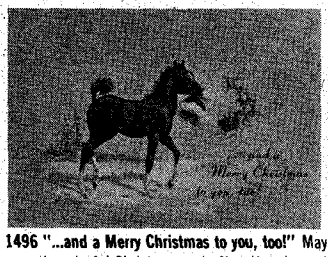
3142 Along the Wilderness Trail May you and yours this Christmas...be blessed with...happiness

1674 Whoa, Hoss, Whoa "Merry Christmas" ...best wishes for a Happy...Year from Our Outfit to Yours

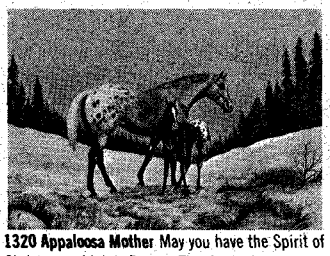
1492 "To have joy one must share it, etc." Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



1911 Sleighbells in the Night Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



1496 "...and a Merry Christmas to you, too!" May yours be a joyful Christmas and...New Year happy!

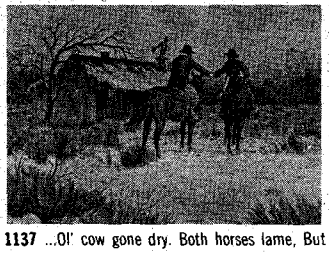


1320 Appaloosa Mother May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace...The Heart...Love

1811 "May the Great Spirit watch over you, etc." Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

1808 "The Story of Christmas in Sign Language" May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you, etc.

1413 "The wonder of Christmas fills the world" Merry Christmas



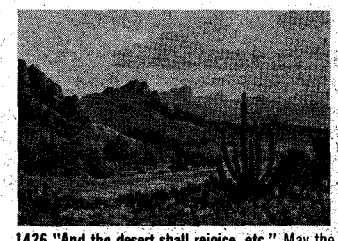
1137 ...Ol' cow gone dry. Both horses lame, But Merry Christmas just the same!

1455 May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, Peace...throughout the New Year

3112 "As wild things walk in beauty, etc." Wishing...a Blessed Christmas and Happiness, etc.

1675 Christmas Dinner "It's Christmas Eve and snowing, etc." Merry Christmas...Happy New Year

3123 "In wildness is the preservation of the world" Merry Christmas and...a Happy New Year



1426 "And the desert shall rejoice, etc." May the Peace...Joy of Christmas be with you...all the Year

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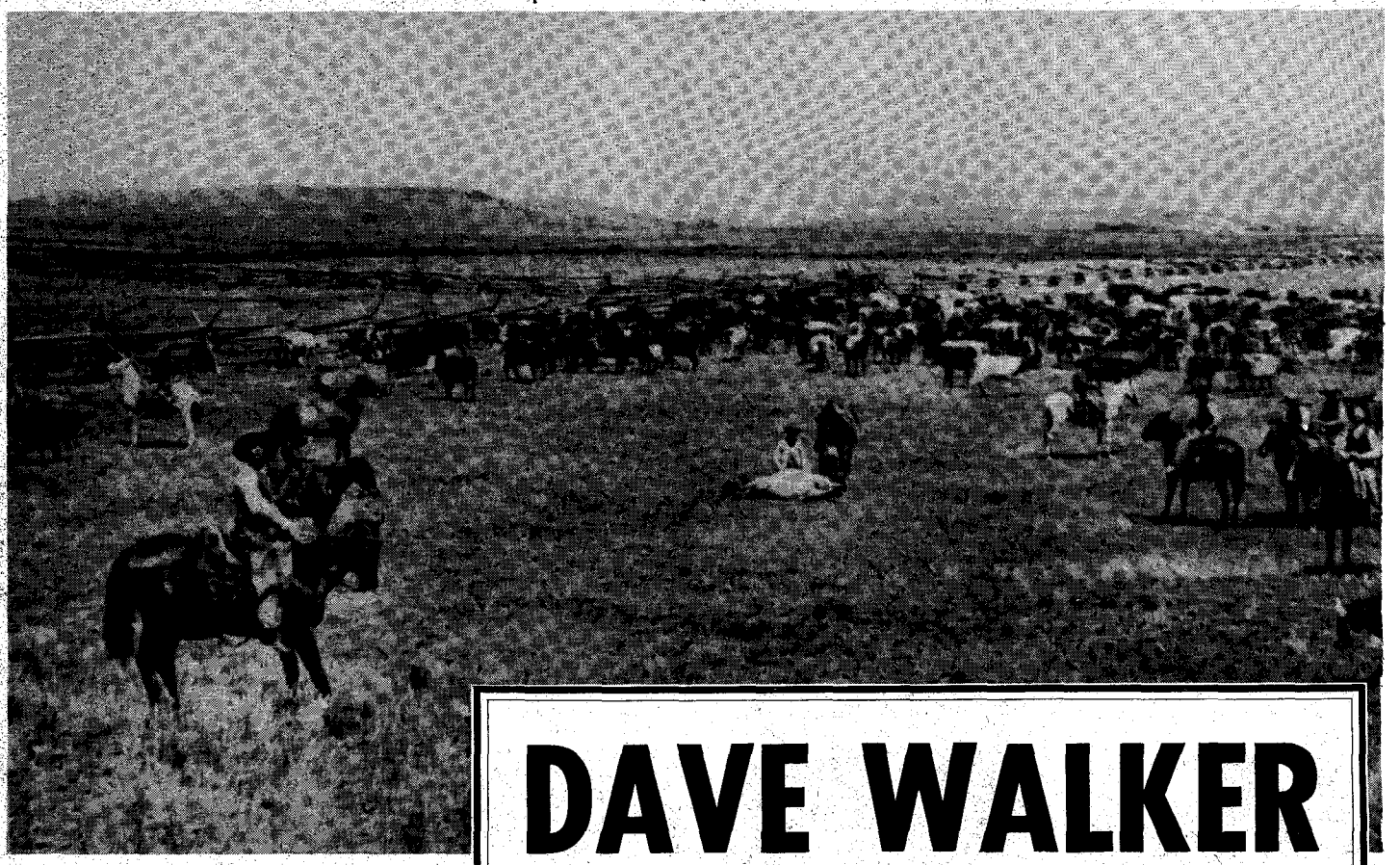

DAVE WALKER —LONG ON NERVE

—but he was hard to please and hard to work for!

By PAUL L. HUNTLEY
Photos Courtesy Author

THE DAVE WALKER RANCH was in the east part of Poncha Park on Cottonwood Creek, about thirty-five miles west and a little north of Canon City, Colorado. A road called the Ute Trail goes from Salida, across the Park, coming out on Highway No. 9.

Poncha Park, centuries ago, was part of South Park. Then the Black Mountain volcano, now extinct, pushed up to about 11,000 feet, and lava ridges ran off in every direction. On the south side of Poncha Park is Waugh Mountain, all lava too but with no crater noticeable. It is about thirteen miles long, east to west. Poncha Park is about seven by seven miles square, with Cottonwood Creek heading up in this basin and draining to the east.

There were three ranches in the park, and three homesteaders. The Stirrup was the oldest and the best known. John Hyssong's homestead was just below the Stirrup, although he had lost this place to A. R. Gaumar a few years earlier.

Dave Walker's ranch was the last place on the creek before it went off into a canyon. Dave's ranch was not very large—maybe three 160-acre homesteads. But he bought the place about 1890 and by 1910 had more cattle than anyone else in the country. He sold off the biggest part of his cattle in 1911 after going through two real hard winters in a row. Dave told me he lost about 500 head the first winter and 700 the second. Before that he had built his herds up until he was selling 300 four-year-old steers every year. He did this running all of his cattle on the open range.

Above, Paul Huntley branding a calf on the open range west of Canon City, Colorado, about 1910. Ralph Stagg is on the calf's head.

He did feed a few cows when they got thin—but these were cattle that were close to the ranch in Poncha Park.

Dave put up about eighty or ninety tons of hay—a small amount for the size of his herds. This was native hay. He was one of the old-time cattlemen and told me that he didn't believe in feeding

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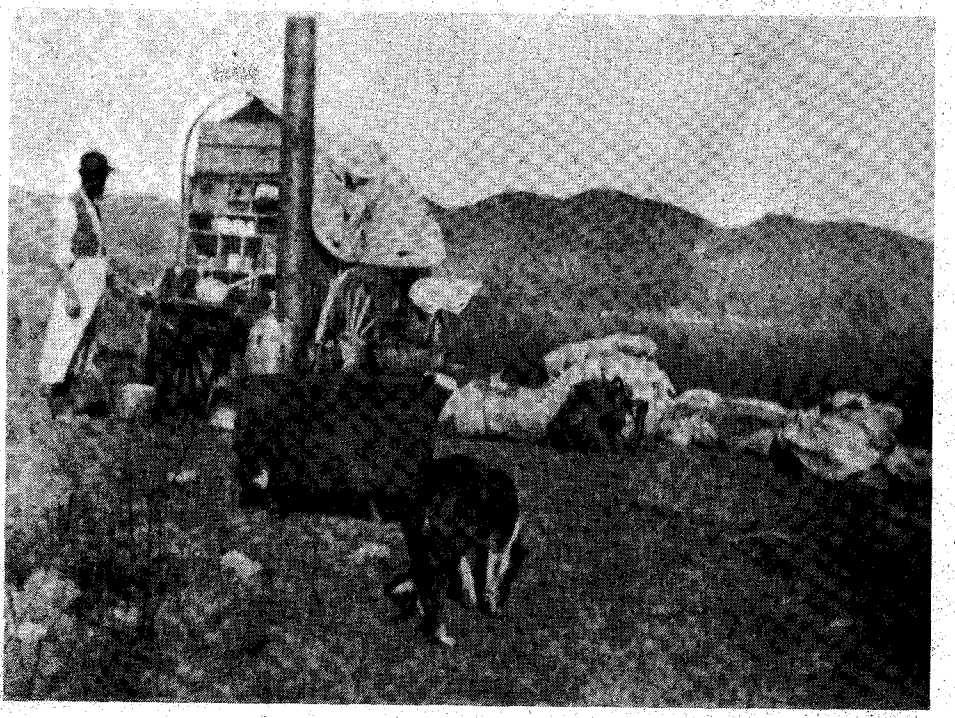


Above, there was always some activity around the chuckwagon. As shown here, Fred Short, the cook, prepares a meal, while a camp hound samples something tossed his way. At left, roundup time in South Park, at the southeast corner of the J. B. (Jim) Sims Ranch, which was purchased by John R. Witcher in the early 1900s, and later owned by Taliaferro (Tol) Witcher about 1911. Below, this is the first critter that Paul Huntley bought with his first bank loan. This cow is very similar to the ones that died during the winter of 1912-13 on the Dave Walker Ranch.

cattle, that losing ten per cent of his cattle every winter was cheaper than having to hire a lot of help to irrigate, put up the hay, feed the hay—and then pay a lot of taxes.

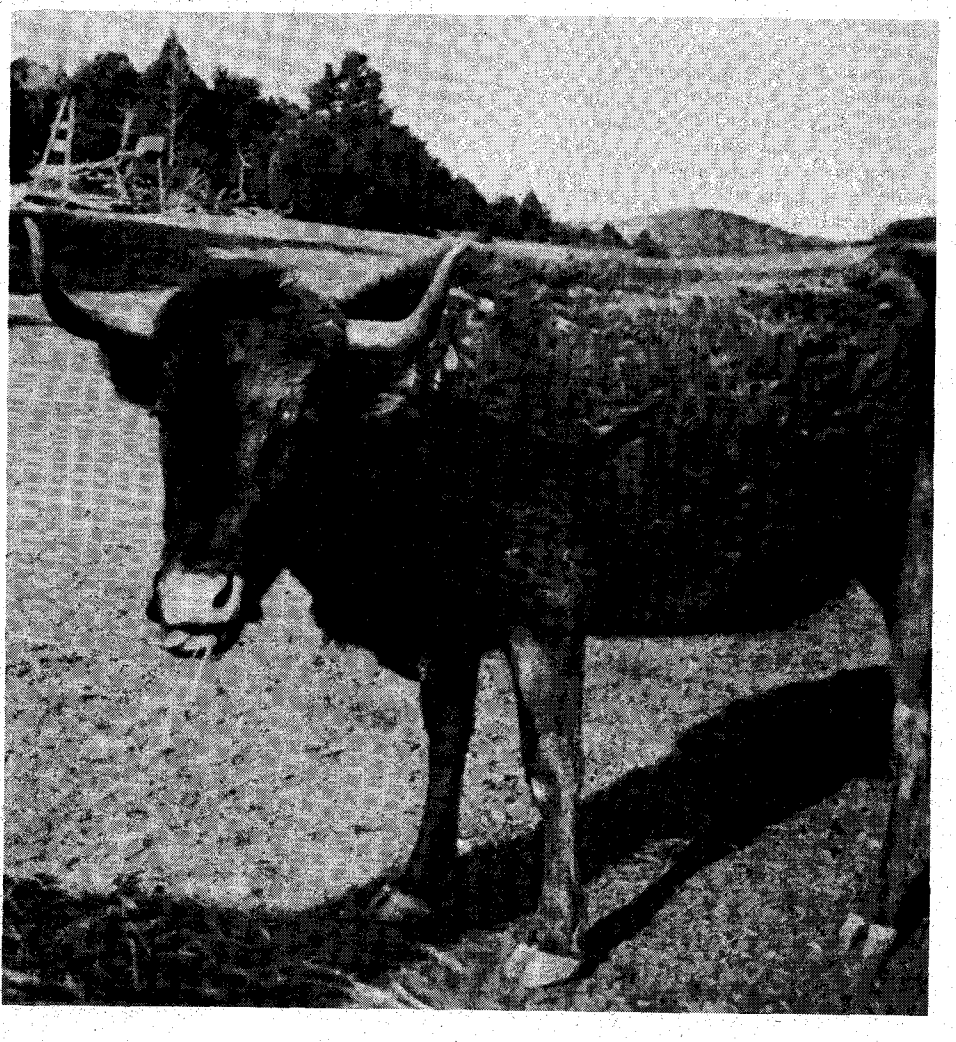
Dave said the weak-hearted cattle died off and the best survived, that he could lose fifty or more and still be ahead. He was probably right until those two extra hard winters hit him, and so many cattle died. Maybe it was those hard winters that made Dave change his mind.

ALONG toward spring, in late April, one of our jobs was to ride the many bog holes scattered around Poncha Park. The reason so many cattle got stuck in them was because the grass got green around them before anywhere else. Probably because the water was warm.

Anyway this day Dave and I found a cow stuck in a bog hole. We dragged her out but couldn't get her to stay on her feet. It was about three miles to the ranch, and she had been in the hole two or three days and was weak.

When we got home Dave told me to fill a gunny sack with hay and take it back to the cow. I didn't like that bulky sack tied behind my saddle and when I fed the hay to the cow I just threw the sack away. I thought that anybody who sold 2,000 head of cattle wouldn't bother about a little old gunny sack. But when I got back Dave noticed that I did not have the sack. "What did you do with the sack?" he asked. I told him I just left it where I fed the cow. He told me, "You get right back on your horse and go and get that sack!"

I just made it by dark to where the



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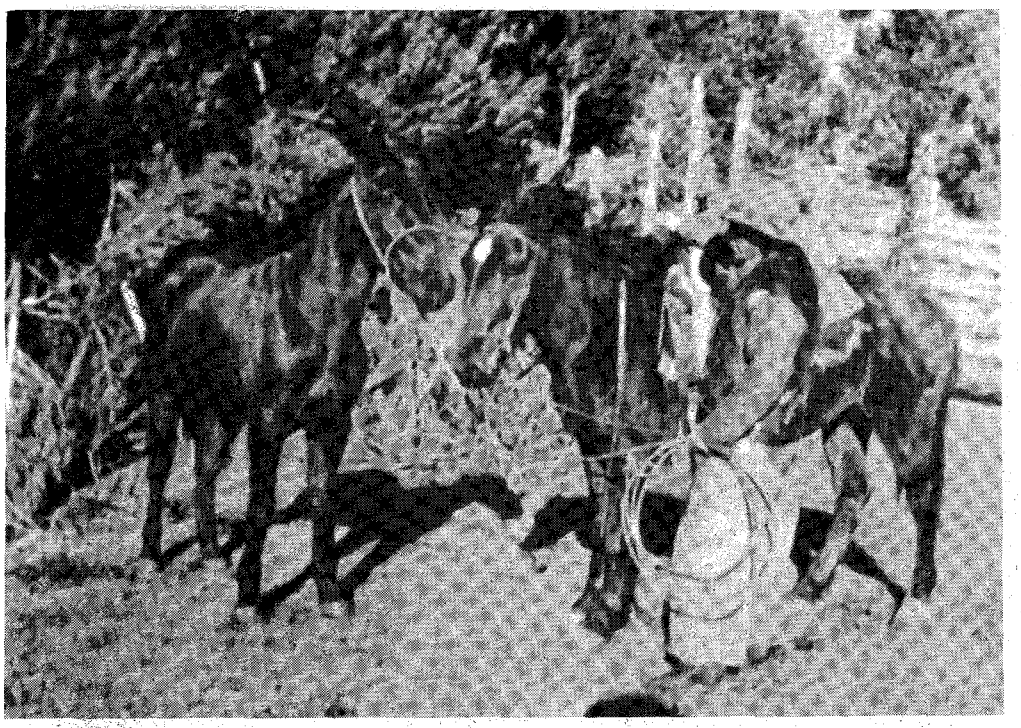

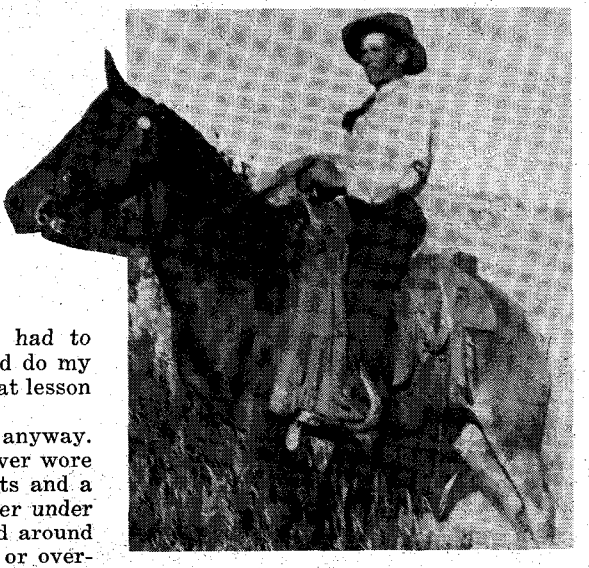

Above, Paul Huntley prepares to leave his homestead to ride roundup for Tol Witcher. He wore the same clothes for thirty days. At right, Frank Black on Billy Sunday. The horse belonged to Dave Walker, who caught him, but Frank broke him to ride. Below, Laura and Paul Huntley at Webster Park in 1914.

cow was. I got the sack, then had to come back in the pitch black and do my chores. I have never forgotten that lesson on thrift to this day.

Dave was an odd individual anyway. He never wore cowboy boots, never wore overalls, always wore dress pants and a coat. In winter he wore a sweater under his coat with a handkerchief tied around his neck. He didn't wear gloves or overshoes. He could stand more cold than anyone I ever saw. He was a fighter and had been on his own since he was fifteen.

He came to Eddy County, in the southern part of New Mexico, and worked on the Eddy ranch. When he was seventeen he came to Park County with Eddy's first trail herd. He worked for them as long as they ran cattle. The Eddys quit the cattle business in 1887.

Dave wanted to be the best in everything. He had the best horses; the most cattle; in 1912 the first automobile, a National (the type that won the Indianapolis 500 mile race that year). He tried to drive his car like he drove a team of horses he'd had before he bought the car.

This team he had in 1911 was wild. Dave would tie them to a post, get the heavy buggy up to them and hooked up, then get in the rig. When he was in and had the lines in his hands his wife would untie the team, and they were on their way as hard as they could go.

Anyway when Jack Nunn came up from Denver to look at Dave's cattle, they started out on the range with this team and rig. They got about a mile up the road when the blinder on one side of the bridle, on the wildest of the horses, dropped down so the horse could see what he was hooked up to. That horse went crazy; the team really went to running then.

Dave got them turned off the road and up a steep, grassy hill. He slowed them down some but couldn't get them stopped. As they came near the top of the hill Dave said to Jack Nunn, "We'd better get out! Jump out! If we can't get them stopped going uphill, we damn sure can't get them stopped going downhill!"

The men got out and let the horses go. The team took off that hill as fast as they could run. Dave and Jack watched them all the way back to the ranch.

There was a long lane going to the corrals, first a pole fence and gate, then a wire fence across the creek. The team hit that pole gate, broke it open, and the buggy was still with them. Then one jumped the wire fence. That killed the wildest of the horses and the buggy was no good after that. It was twisted out of shape and never used again.

If you have never seen a team running away like that, you have missed a feeling that is hard to describe, in fact it can't be described.

Anyway, Jack Nunn bought Dave's cattle by the head. Dave Walker made more money out of his cattle than any other cow man I ever knew of, selling 300 four-year-old steers at about $45 a head. That is what they brought in 1908.

One time, about the first of May, we were turning cattle out of the wet hayfields. We had a few cattle in a fence corner and Dave said, "I want to brand that big calf before we turn them out." The calf he meant was about three months old. There was a fenced haystack in the corner; the gate was of four loose poles. Ranchers often used these instead of a swing pole gate if it was where a gate wasn't used very often. Each pole slipped into a slot at each end.

Well, we hemmed this cow and calf up in the corner by the poles. Dave had his rope down when that scared calf started crawling between the two bottom poles. Dave ran up there to try to catch the calf before he got away. Just as he got to the poles and threw his rope over the poles at the calf, Dave's horse jumped the four poles. Dave didn't expect that and he nearly fell off. He put one hand on the ground when the horse lit in the corral, but he stayed on. He looked over at me, sort of sheepish, and said, "Well,

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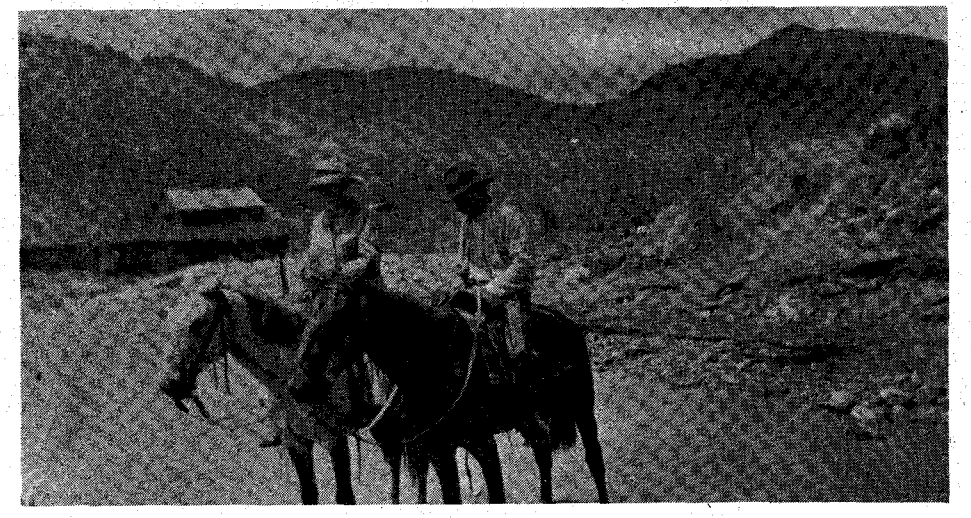

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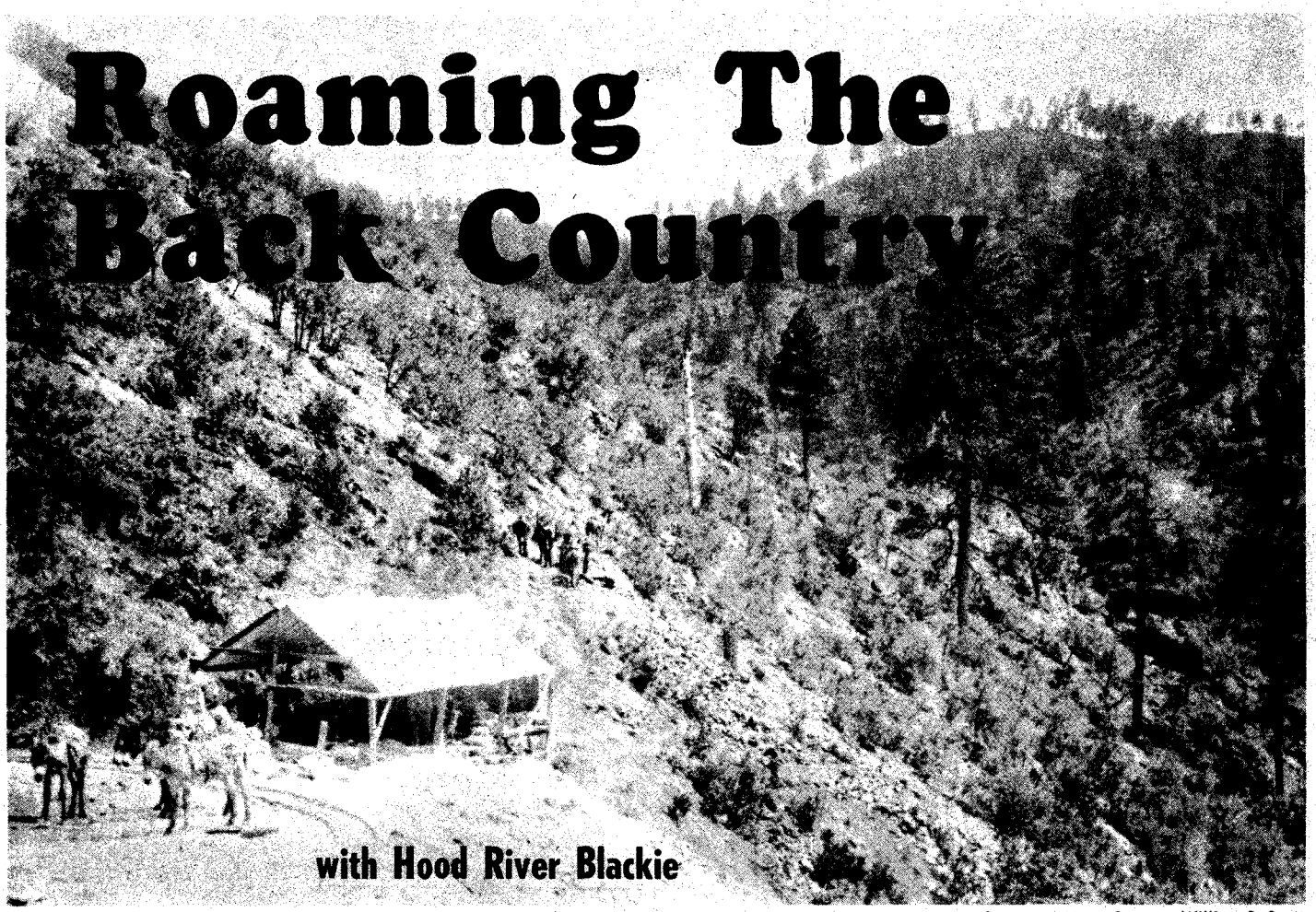
Roaming The Back Country



with Hood River Blackie

Photo Courtesy William B. Scott

STRANGE ANIMALS

BIGFOOT, Sasquatch—the very names are enough to strike fear into just about anyone, and many people claim to have met this man-beast at close range.

Whatever he is called, if he exists, and I'm beginning to believe he does, he is indeed a terrifying sight according to descriptions of him which range from six feet to over ten feet tall, and from 300 to 800 pounds. One thing all witnesses agree on—he walks upright like a man and moves with amazing speed.

I won't get into any Bigfoot stories as most of them have been told and retold too many times already, but I wonder how many people know that other strange animals have been seen in the West?

Would you believe a gorilla in Nevada? A tiger in Arizona? An alligator in the Colorado River?

It was about the time World War II started that a truck driver came rushing into Mojave in southern California and swore he had seen a camel cross the road ahead of his truck as he made the run from Barstow. Now, most of you probably know that many camels were turned loose in the latter part of the 19th century to make their own way—but to say that one could still be on the loose in 1941? Well, we've got to take this with a grain of salt, I guess, but we also have to remember that there were previous sightings from time to time, and that there were pretty lonely places in that desert.

From all I can learn, the truck driver was in a highly agitated state of mind when he reported this incident, so perhaps he did see something, but what was it?

A few years back a truck from a carnival turned over in the Panamint Valley, spilling some poisonous snakes not native to the region. Some were caught, but some cobras were not. I don't know if cobras could survive in that desert, but if I saw one and he had his hood spread, I would know for sure what he was. I also know I would be laughed at and people would say, "How could a cobra get into the California desert?" If I recall correctly, a colony of them were found in Illinois a few years ago. Where did *they* come from?

Along in the '50s someone found an alligator in the Colorado River near Blythe. It was dead but where did he come from? A six-foot alligator in California? Probably no one ever stopped to think that a circus truck could have thrown his body out as it crossed the bridge at Ehrenburg, Arizona (he was found downstream from there). I believe that is just what happened.

In late 1968 or '69 two small boys found a full-grown gorilla lying dead in the desert near Las Vegas. I can well imagine the thoughts that ran through their minds when they first saw him. This got quite a write-up in a Las Vegas paper, as you can well imagine, but as far as I can recall no one ever found out where the gorilla came from. My opinion is that he, too, was from some carnival or circus, and had been passed under or over or around or wherever they go—then simply dumped. (I wouldn't want to dig a grave for a gorilla, either!)

THERE are quite a few stories from the early days of the West about strange animals. One stated that two cowboys had shot a creature somewhere near Tombstone in the 19th century that from their description must have looked like a pterodactyl, a creature supposedly extinct for a million years or so. No, they didn't drop it with one shot; they followed it for hours (it could fly some), shooting it repeatedly. Now did they really see a creature from the far distant past, or did they just make that up? I guess we'll never know.

I also recall that about 1960 a deputy sheriff shot and killed a leopard near the present Boy Scout Camp in Kern Canyon near Bakersfield, California. Many people had reported dogs missing from their camps there and it's well known that leopards love dog meat. I kept up with the news stories on that one but they never did find out where this animal came from.

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Clara Baasch (on left), taken at the time she lived next door to the infamous Vicente Silva.

SHE LIVED NEXT DOOR TO MURDER!

Unbelievable that "such a nice seeming man could turn out to be such a monster..."

By S. OMAR BARKER
Photos Courtesy Author

"WE ALL liked Vicente Silva and thought he was a fine man," the late Clara Baasch of Las Vegas, New Mexico told me. "Living right next door to him like that, I reckon us kids were in and out of his dooryard a dozen times a day. Silva was a rather goodlooking, tall, slender man in his forties, of a fairer complexion than the average Spanish-American, with a neatly trimmed beard.

"We were just little girls then, my half-sister and I. Of course that was before Emma was kidnapped, and all those terrible things happened. Emma was the little girl the Silvas had adopted after she was found in a manger in Minner's livery stable one morning. Elsie and I used to play with her, sometimes in their yard, sometimes in ours. She was a pretty, blue-eyed little thing, and Mr. Silva's crazy pet name for her was 'Papita', which would be like calling her his 'Little Potato' in English. He treated her awful nice—us too—and we thought he was a very charming gentleman.

"If any of the grown-ups knew any different they never did tell us or try to keep us away from him. Of course he was a saloon-keeper, but that was considered respectable. Like there was also a saloon in the Farmer's Hotel that my father was operating next to Silva's on the south side of the Plaza, and our bedroom was right back of it. Elsie and I woke up one morning and there was a dirty looking, whiskery man squatting in one corner of our bedroom, sound asleep, maybe from too much whiskey, maybe from too much night-riding. He left without any trouble when Pa came in at our call. In fact he even apologized very politely. We learned later that he was a man called Tigre Trujillo, considered one of the worst cutthroats and desperados in all New Mexico Territory. Whether he was one of the Silva gang, I never did know, but he probably was."

It was not long before her death several years ago that Clara Baasch, a plump, dark-eyed, pleasant-spoken woman in her eighties, was telling me something about the Las Vegas of her girlhood. Clara was born right there on the historic Old Town Plaza only a couple of hundred yards up Bridge Street from where she still operated a small bakery at the same site where her stepfather, William Baasch, had established himself as the town's leading baker after disposing of his hotel "next door to murder."

Some of the doin's Clara witnessed or lived next door to as a girl were pretty salty. Maybe gunsmoky, bloody and hair-raising would describe them better, for at the height of its glory as the Territory's biggest shipper of cattle, sheep and raw wool, Las Vegas was a rip-britches town if there ever was one, with Bridge Street and the Old Town Plaza the main rendezvous of all varieties of outlawry and hell-raising.

It was nothing very unusual for Clara to wake up in the morning to see a dead man dangling on a rope from the Plaza windmill or from the beams under the bridge over the Rito Gallinas. Whether the dead man was a victim of the super-secret Silva gang of horse thieves and robbers or of the night-riding vigilantes called the White Caps there was no telling.

CLARA'S father, a kindly, beer-drinking German butcher, had been brutally murdered when she was only two years old. His name was Frank Maier. An employe of his named Brown got sent to jail for stealing a quarter of beef from Maier's slaughterhouse. As soon as Brown got out, he took his vengeance by beating Maier to death.

That night a batch of masked vigilantes stormed the county jail, meaning to seize the murderer and hang him. But a volley of lead from Sheriff Romero and a score of special deputies drove them back. Brown was duly convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Territorial penitentiary.

Politics got him pardoned after seven years, and shortly thereafter he got run over and killed by a train. "If man doesn't punish, Providence will," said an editorial in the Las Vegas *Daily Optic*, a newspaper which, incidentally, is still published.

Left a widow with a small child, Mrs.

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Clara as she appeared years later (on right), with a friend.

Clara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maier.

Maier, nee Elizabeth Schettel, decided to quit the frontier and go back to her people in Germany. To earn money for the trip, she got a job in Leon Brothers' Bakery on the Plaza, where young William Baasch was the chief baker.

Instead of returning to Germany, shortly thereafter she and Baasch were married, and little Clara Maier became Clara Baasch.

It was around 1885 that William Baasch took over the Farmer's Hotel, a two-story adobe on the south side of the Plaza. Next door was another long adobe building (still standing today) which extended from the Plaza clear back to narrow Moreno Street. Up front it housed the Imperial Saloon and the living quarters of Vicente Silva, his wife Telesfora Silva de Sandoval, their little adopted daughter Emma, and Mrs. Silva's brother Gabriel Sandoval, who worked as bartender in Silva's Saloon.

Though the little Baasch girls were often invited into the Silva house with Emma, neither they nor their parents suspected that in a tightly shuttered room of the same house back toward Moreno Street were held the secret meetings of as vicious and well organized a gang of outlaws as ever operated in New Mexico Territory. Least of all did they suspect that such a gang's leader could be their very pleasant neighbor who so plainly doted on his little adopted daughter.

Men were mysteriously hanged, horses stolen, merchants robbed, and on one occasion a harmless Indian was dragged to death by his heels in the dead of night, yet the law brought no one to justice.

"All this time," Clara Baasch told me, "we were living right next door to murder, and we didn't know a thing about

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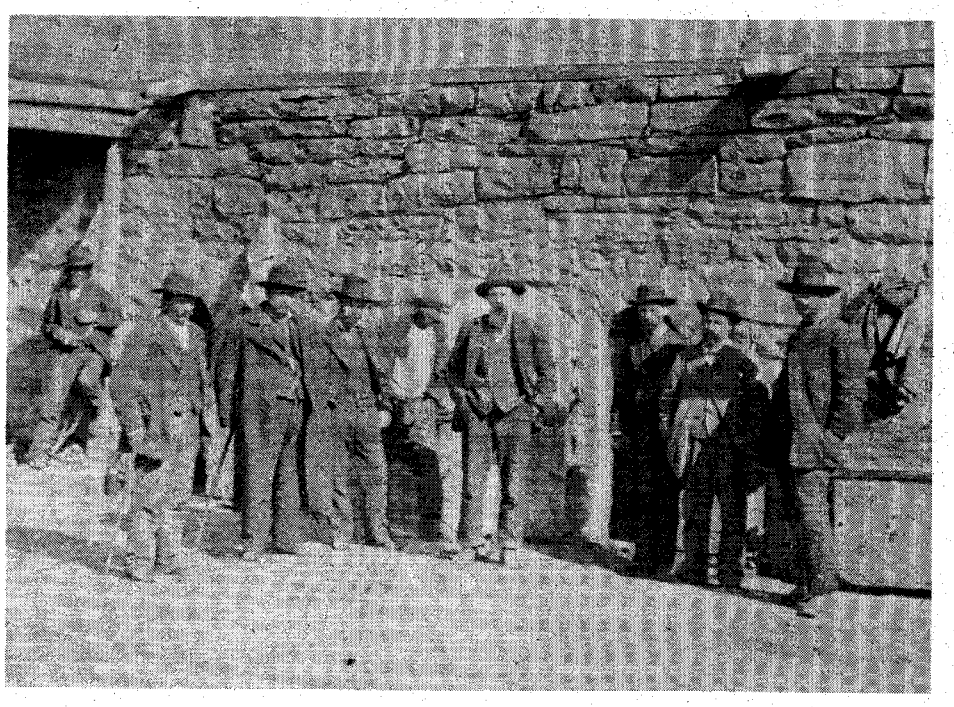
An unidentified posse with a prisoner (4th from right), taken in Las Vegas, New Mexico. The men are believed to be vigilantes.



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The Peculiarities of

Sam always contended he had never been whipped—him with a ten-hour

By ERNEST HUDSPETH
Photo Courtesy Author

HAVING BEEN BORN on a remote homestead in Sumpter Valley in Eastern Oregon, I have many times reflected on what actually shapes our personalities. My father died when I was five years old, and as a consequence I spent most of my young years with adults.

There were four of us children. My older brother, Wallace, had to leave high school to help my mother with the demanding responsibilities of keeping the homestead operating. He was sixteen. My sister Georgia, fourteen, and my brother Green, seven, continued to go to school. This left me a great deal of the time with my mother and older brother. My mother was in need of someone to be with her after my father's death, so I was kept out of school until I was eight years old. I think this was, in part, the reason I grew into manhood preferring older people as friends.

All of my older friends had one thing in common. Each shared in settling this part of Eastern Oregon—and that required great faith in their own abilities and in God.

One I will never forget was Sam Smith, born in Indiana in 1853, one of twenty-three children. I never knew much about the large family, only that Sam was somewhere about the middle. He never said too much of his young days.

Sam, like thousands of others, had dreams of striking it rich. He had the idea that anyone could find gold in great quantity, and though there were many mines, both of placer and quartz, Sam never seemed to find any riches. For quite a few years he worked a twelve-hour shift in some creek bed or tunnel, mining for a daily wage.

Sam came to Eastern Oregon with a partner (name unknown), leaving a wife in Indiana. Sam and his partner decided that it was time for Sam's wife to join them. I never knew why the partner instead of Sam returned to Indiana to bring her back. Anyway, between the two men they had enough money for the trip, but that was the last Sam ever saw or heard from his wife or partner.

Like many of the pioneers who became frustrated, Sam had the habit of going on a spree at the nearest saloon at the end of each week's work. An insult, real or imagined, oftentimes led to a classic brawl. During one such encounter, the bridge of Sam's nose was crushed to a level with his cheeks, and healed that way. This impaired Sam's breathing. His nose passages were so nearly closed that the rest of his life Sam breathed with a snorting sound like a wind-broken horse.

I never referred to him as "Snorting Sam," but most older people did, except my mother. And her training prohibited us kids from referring to any adult by any other than their surname. To me he was Mr. Smith.

SAM CLAIMED he had had more fights than anyone could imagine, and said he had never been whipped. I, as a kid of twelve, was skeptical. "Sam, you mean you were *never* whipped?"

He replied, "I sure never was. Many times I could not get up and would lay there and watch my opponent walk away—but I never did say I had had enough."

I think Sam really believed that he had never been whipped.

When I first knew my old friend he was nearing sixty. He had used up his youth and his health till he could no longer hold a job in a mine. He moved into an abandoned log cabin on the bank of Deer Creek, a tributary of Powder River, and began making wood for various people of the valley. Some of this was wood from the land that someone wanted cleared, and using a crosscut saw and hammer and wedge to reduce trees into stove wood was hard labor. A dollar was what Sam received for each cord of wood he felled, sawed, split and piled; a cord of wood being four feet high, four feet wide, and eight feet long.

Another good older friend of mine was Saphronia Fisher, who taught Sunday School. Sunday School began at nine o'clock, and for several summers I attended Sunday School at McEwen, two miles from our ranch. I always rode a horse, and most times I would take a loaf of my mother's homemade bread or a sack of doughnuts for Sam.

Sunday School ended about ten o'clock. Often our teacher had some games arranged for the children, with refreshments afterward, but when Sunday School was over I would get my horse and my sack of goodies, and ride another three miles to see Sam. I enjoyed this more than playing games with other kids.

Sam was expecting me, and really made a big fuss—how good it was to see me and how he would enjoy whatever I had in the sack for him.

Sam had many peculiarities. He always wore a low-crowned and wide-brimmed black felt hat, and I never remember seeing him with his hat off. I always had Sunday dinner with Sam, and he always washed his hands and face before preparing our dinner but he never removed his hat while washing his face. Our dinner usually consisted of fried ham, a pot of brown beans and cornbread. He never served the bread or doughnuts I brought him. I think he saved those as something special for himself.

Sam was really a pretty good housekeeper. Immediately after eating he washed his dishes, which I dried for him. The lid was put back on the pot of beans, and the remaining ham put in his screen cooler on the creek bank. As soon as this was attended to, he would fill his pipe from a pound can of Dixie Queen pipe tobacco. As soon as his pipe was properly lighted he would take a cut of Star chewing tobacco and with his knife cut off a generous chew. Sam was the only person I ever saw who chewed and smoked at the same time. I tried smoking his pipe and taking a chew of tobacco one time.

I couldn't eat my ham and beans that day; I lay on the creek bank and the only reason I survived was that I was surely too sick to die. Sam put a cold towel on my head and had me put my hands and wrists in the creek. After about two hours I was barely able to get on my horse and head home. Sam was never again to be annoyed by my smoking his pipe and chewing his tobacco.

The Dixie Queen pipe tobacco container resembled a small tin picnic basket about eight inches long by five inches wide, with a depth of four or five inches. They had a double bale, secured by rivets, and were of red and white checkerboard design.

The empty containers made ideal school lunch baskets, the double bale making them easy to carry horseback. Sam saved his empties for me, and I carried more school lunches in them than any other container. I regret very much that I did not have the foresight to keep some of them.

SAM may have had some schooling, but I doubt it extended beyond third

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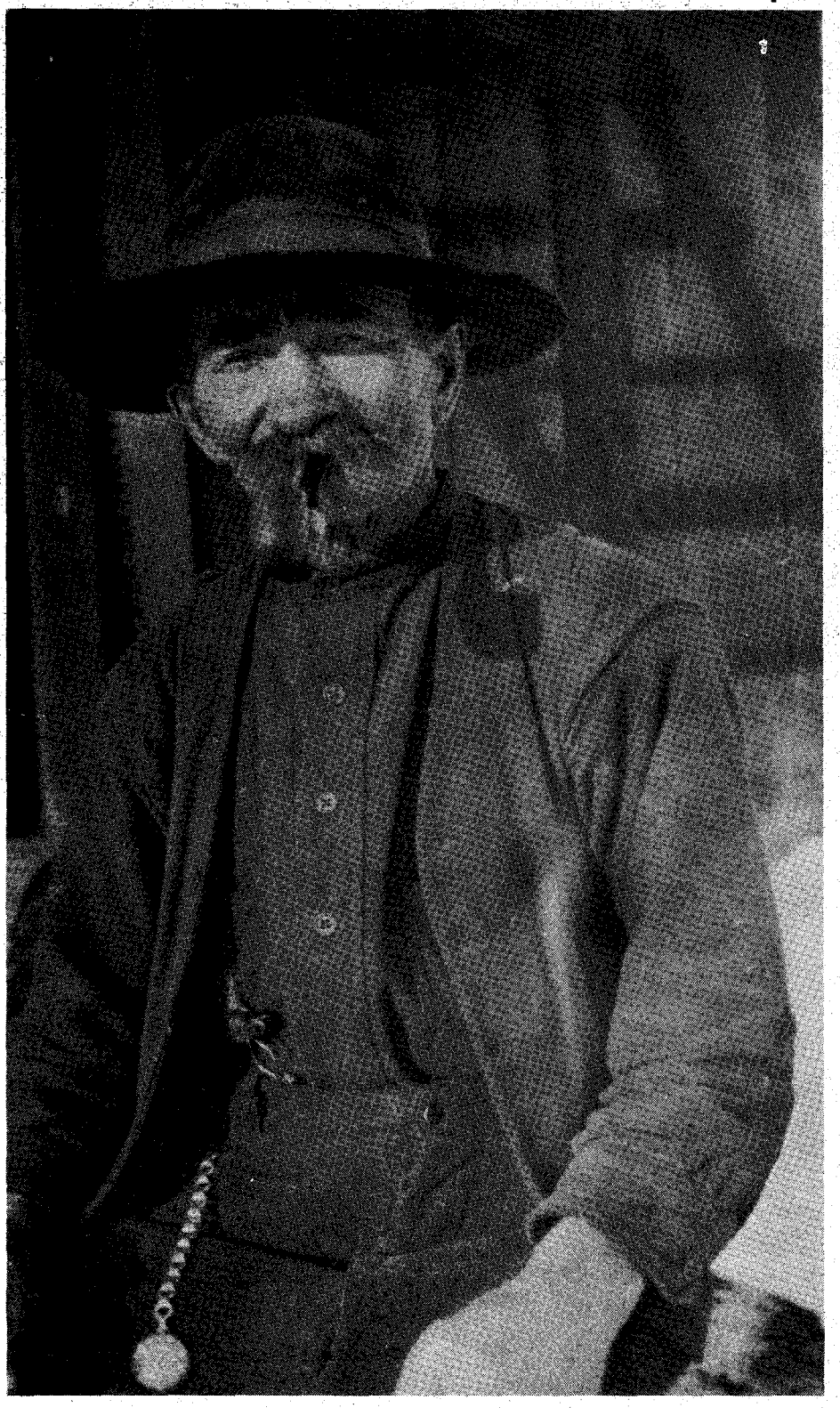
Sam Smith

but he had. Life beat the tar out of shift at a measly wage

Sam Smith at 78 years.



grade and perhaps he had forgotten how to read. I never remember seeing anything in the way of reading material, except some pictures of various birds pasted on the walls. These pictures came in baking powder cans as a bonus and each had an explanation of the species, where it was found and its migration habits.

Sam's worldly goods were few and simple—a single bed, mattress and coverings, a small wood cookstove, a small wood heater, a hand-made table and three chairs, a few pots and pans, and the old style granite-covered plates and bowls, a few knives, forks and spoons, a pair or two of overalls and shirts, some underwear and socks, and a wool coat hanging on a nail driven in the wall. These were Sam's entire possessions except his wood-cutting tools.

As the years went by, I noticed that Sam's wood pile at the end of each day grew smaller. He, at times, had made two cords of wood each day, but the time had arrived when he was lucky to make two cords a week, and eventually he could make only enough wood for his personal needs.

One and a half miles due south of our ranch was the remains of a dry-land homestead. This place had two houses on it about 100 yards apart. Sam moved into one of them. It was of single-wall construction, rough one-by-twelve pine boards. The only source of drinking water was from a spring. This spring was 900 feet from Sam's house, and like so many other homestead sites the spring was about 300 yards below the house. It was a rather hard job for one advanced in years to carry water that distance and, of course, up hill. As a result, it was difficult for Sam to keep himself and his house clean; however he remained in good health, each day enjoying his pipe and chewing tobacco.

Due to Sam's reduced income and the nation trying to enforce the prohibition law, he could no longer go on his sprees, with the exception that now and then someone would take him a pint of moonshine. My good old friend, Ferris Rice, told me one time he took a quart of liquor to Sam and spent the afternoon helping him drink it. Sam was seventy-eight years old, and his hearing and eyesight were impaired.

It was in the winter and the days were short. Rice lived about three-fourths of a mile from Sam's cabin and he had walked up through the snow. About three o'clock the jug was almost gone, and Rice said he had to leave. Sam took violent objection, and told Rice he could not go. Rice told him he was leaving because he wanted to get home before dark. Sam told him, "If you try to leave, you will be a dead man."

Rice put on his coat and cap and walked to the door. Sam said, "As soon as I find my .22 and some shells, I will kill you." This tickled Rice no end.

When Rice was about fifty yards away he heard Sam shooting at him. Rice was in no danger, since Sam's eyesight was poor and his ammunition was only .22 shorts, but Sam stood in his doorway and

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Author A. C. Lucas at the treasure site.

AN OLD MAN'S

One lay above the ground; the other, below; but the richest of all and the most coveted was the ground itself...

WRETCHED POVERTY and abject living conditions in an over-populated China, and the urgent need for cheap labor in California combined to bring the Chinese to America. The men came. They left their families behind and endured sordid surroundings, eager for a chance to work, eager to make their fortune.

They labored in gold mines and in the rich placer gravels of tumultuous rivers. They held menial jobs in boisterous lumber camps, on construction sites of growing cities, as roustabouts on the docks. They handled picks, shovels and wheelbarrows, and performed as gandy-dancers with new and expanding railroad lines. Some tended crops; others were clerks and shopkeepers.

Although the Chinese were very hard-working individuals they were never accepted socially as a group. It was, perhaps, because they spoke a strange language, engaged in seemingly weird or mystical customs, and worked for very low wages that their actions were held suspect. Hence they lived apart from others, wanting only to work, save their money, and return to a more agreeable world.

The first Chinatown in Riverside, California was located in the vicinity of 9th between Main and Orange Streets. A sudden and large increase of Orientals took place from 1881 to 1885 due to the advent of the railroads and bountiful orange crops. The Chinese became the largest labor force among the minorities, spilling over into the downtown area, whereupon the city fathers enacted an

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Above, Pat Lucas with tiger jugs, herb tea pot, opium bottles, and one irridescent wine bottle. At left, a Chinatown building erected after 1886.

ordinance of a prohibitive nature. No more would laundry be washed in the drainage canals; no more would shirttails fly half-mast from clotheslines atop those congested buildings in the downtown area.

Thus they were summarily evicted in 1886, and from the downtown area were relocated in the Tequesquite Arroyo under protest.

This was part of a dry stream bed through which flowed waters and drainage from irrigation ditches and from occasional rains. Here they erected tin shacks and wooden buildings on a dirt road parallel to one of the main streets and about a mile from the original site.

Fire destroyed much of the town in 1893 and it was later rebuilt with more permanent structures, including one long red brick building which is still standing. The residents, mostly male, raised and sold vegetables. Some worked in town, others in the groves or as domestic help.

THREE TREASURES

By A. C. LUCAS
Photos Courtesy Author

Population decreased in the early 1900s, the last resident (Lew Yut, age ninety-one) dying on January 4, 1939. The town drew a somber cloak about itself and slid quietly into obscurity—a ghost town existing in the heart of a boomtown!

GEORGE WONG was born Wong Luen Ho in Kwan-Tong Province in China. His parents were born in San Francisco but returned to Kwan-Tong for their son's birth.

George was in his mid-teens when he first came to Riverside in 1914. He did not live in Chinatown but went to school there, attending but not graduating from Riverside Junior College. He worked at odd jobs and was well liked about town.

Through inheritance and purchase, George acquired the now abandoned Chinatown in 1941 and began living there as sole owner and inhabitant. He made many friends among city officials and businessmen with his ready smile and friendly approach.

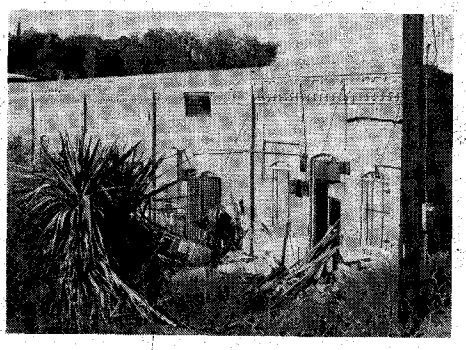
George always had a keen interest in old cars and he now had an ideal place to store them. Some he would purchase for very little money. Others were given to him by friends. Some were rare models produced by manufacturers long defunct.

George was a character but a distinguished one, almost always in a jolly mood unless he was in the police department with a complaint about kids bothering him, or when he was sparring with some minor official about a new ordinance—one perhaps infringing on his right to keep barnyard critters.

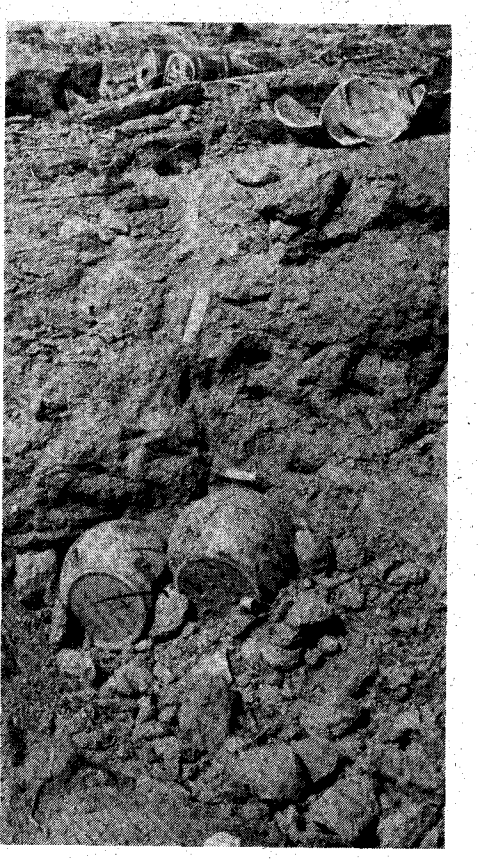
George's "Town" slowly took on the appearance of a junkyard but he would insist that his was a private storage yard. And although some complaints citing violations of city ordinances arose, George's differences were generally settled in his favor.

Through the years George gradually

(Continued on page 42)



At left, a red brick building built by Duey Wo Lung in 1890, used to house some of his produce and business. Below, three tiger jars as they appeared when unearthed. The best specimen was found some three feet below the asphalt surface.



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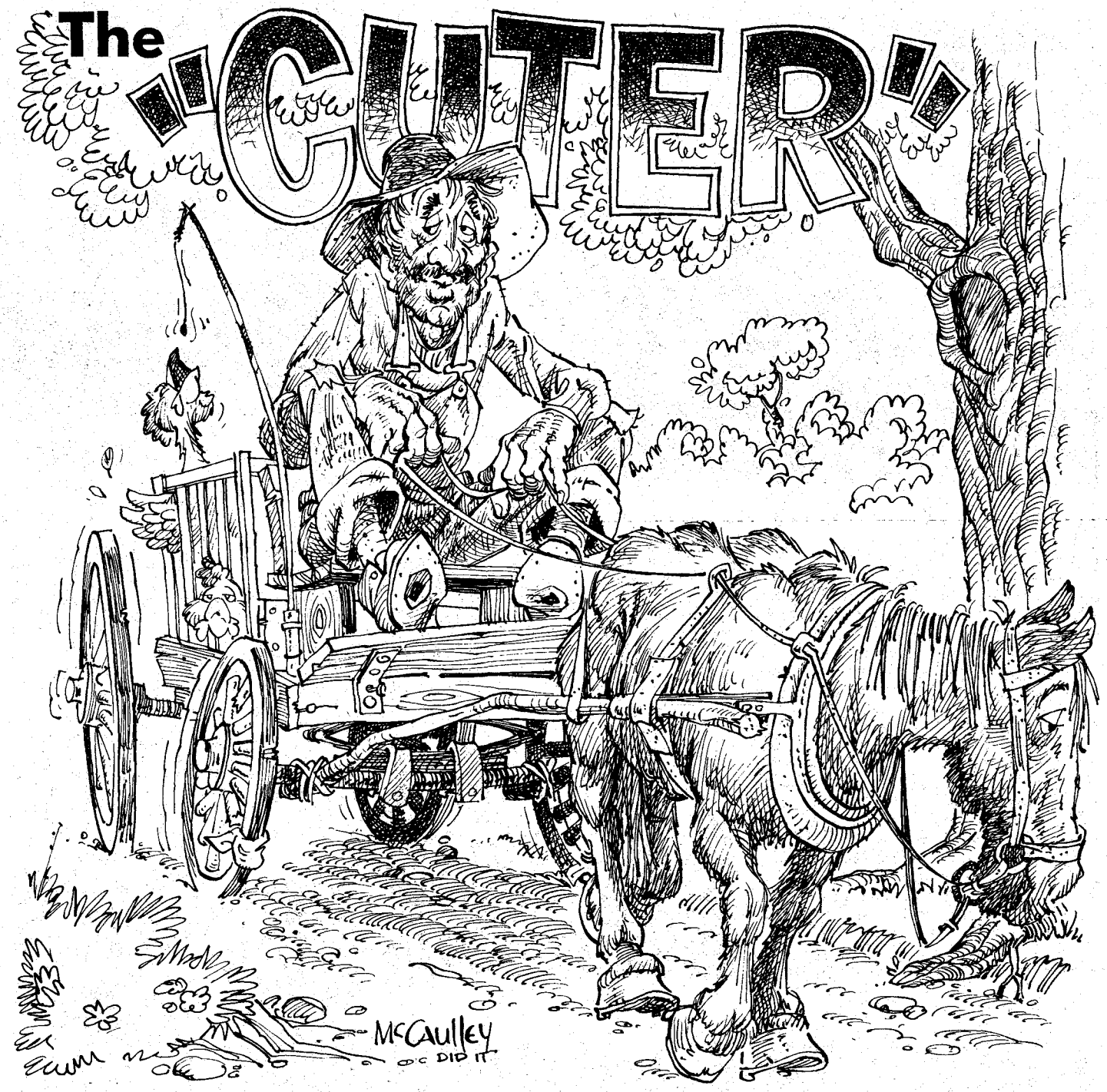
The "CUTER"



By WAYNE SPILLER
Photos Courtesy Author

ONCE upon a long time ago, very early on a pleasant autumn afternoon, a middle-aged drummer, working an old sway-backed bay to a single buggy, plodded through the deep blow-sand of Voca, Texas' only street. He had just left the Selman store at the west end of town, and appeared headed for the W. F. Spiller general merchandise establishment.

Just west of the Spiller store on the same side of the street was a grove of young liveoaks. Several saddled horses, plus a couple of teams hitched to farm wagons, were tied there.

The Spiller store was housed in an unpainted frame structure, across the front of which, facing the street, was a loading dock. At each end of the gallery were two-step wooden stairs. Near the steps at the west end lounged four young cowboys.

The drummer drove on to the oak mott and tied up, shouldered his bag of samples, and headed unsteadily toward the store. Obviously he was drinking on the job. As he climbed the two steps to the loading dock, one of the cowboys developed an odd little grin.

"Hey, Old Man," he said, "you look a little trail weary. Maybe a good stiff toddy would pep you up a bit."

The drummer grinned happily, reversed his direction and walked back down the steps.

"That I would," the drummer replied with enthusiasm.

The cowboy extended his hand in greeting and said, "I'm Newton Worrell. Some folks call me 'Cuter.' These two birds here is Charley and Lewis Deans. This old bean-pole over here is Big Boy Crumbley."

The drummer acknowledged the introductions but forgot to introduce himself. "Didn't you say something about a toddy?" he inquired impatiently.

"Well, Uncle Wade Spiller don't much

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What was his profession? Devilment!

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

cotton to us drinking on his front porch here. We got our booze stashed away over there where you tied that old race horse of yours. Come on, friend, let's go!"

The drummer and the four cowboys walked to the grove, and the drummer placed his bag of samples back in the buggy. From a few yards away a half-gallon jug of whiskey mysteriously appeared. Crumbley set the jug on the ground. Cuter Worrell sang out, "Gather 'round boys, and listen to my tale. . . ." The five men sat cross-legged on the ground in a circle, with the jug as the center of attraction.

The drummer took frequent big drinks and the cowboys drank frequent small ones, but the drummer took no notice. As a matter of fact, in no time at all he had gone out like a candle in a tornado.

Charley Deans felt his pulse, pronounced the man dead, and suggested that every dead man ought to be buried. With that solemn pronouncement, Lewis Deans went for a shovel, Cuter borrowed a nail keg from the Spiller store, and Charley Deans and Big Boy Crumbley each grabbed an arm and dragged the drummer to the edge of the street where the sand had extra depth.

Lewis Deans scooped out a shallow grave in the ten-inch deep sand. Then carefully the four cowboys, two lifting by the arms and two by the legs, placed the sleeping drunk in the depression. Cuter mounted his nail keg. By this time a half-dozen other idlers had gathered to witness the fun.

"Brethren," Cuter began, "here lies the body of John Q. Doe." Some fifteen minutes later, following many Biblical quotes and misquotes, Cuter Worrell concluded his funeral oration with, ". . . a good example of the evils of drink. Rest in peace, brother. Cover him up, boys, Amen."

They covered the drummer with sand,

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Above, Cuter (on right) with a friend.

rounded in the shape of a grave, leaving only the man's eyes, ears, nose and mouth exposed.

Then, together with several spectators their activities had attracted, they retired to the gallery of the Spiller store to wait and watch.

Just at dusk, as the effects of strong drink began to wear off, the drummer tried to stir. The mourners quickly gathered round and never was heard a more tuneless rendition of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

Never did a drunk sober up faster. Cuter grinned. He grinned again some months later as he recognized Sheriff T. L. Sansom in plenty of time to avoid accepting free room and board in the county jail house.

MOST EVERYONE in the community said that Cuter left about three jumps ahead of the sheriff. That was not true. Cuter Worrell didn't operate that way. When he left the Voca community he was about three jumps *behind* the sheriff, and Sheriff T. L. Sansom wasn't looking back.

Cuter was a cowhand deluxe. No man ever forked a horse who knew better the tools of his trade, or took greater pride in his profession. His hands were created to hold a lariat, not the handles of a plow. To have called him a sodbuster or farmer would have been an insult of the greatest magnitude. Yet such was the role he affected in order to elude the numerous agents of the law who were looking for him.

T. J. Spiller had misplaced thirty-one head of cattle and Cuter just happened to be in the very near vicinity of those cattle when Sheriff Sansom was seen approaching. Cuter didn't wait to greet Mr. Sansom and delve into his thinking. It was just as well, because the sheriff claimed later to have recognized Cuter and even went so far as to charge him with cattle theft.

Practically everyone knew that Cuter would head west. Cuter knew it, too, but he didn't leave the Voca vicinity immediately. He waited, and waited some more. He planned his route, the hours he would travel, and he resolved that he, himself, would soon become a manhunter.

Unlike the sheriff he would not be seeking one certain man. Rather, he would be seeking a certain *kind* of man. And he knew that until he found that man, his wits would be taxed to the limit in order to remain free.

Cuter finally moved out, heading toward Arizona Territory. It took him two or three days to find the man he wanted —but find him he did.

The man was driving a broken-down mare and buggy. He was wearing a dirty, flop-brimmed hat and dashboard overalls. His flat-heeled shoes were scuffed. And best of all he appeared to be about Cuter's size—even to the shoes.

It is not known what sort of tale Cuter concocted to make a trade sound reasonable, but the farmer ended up with a well-trained cowpony, a pretty good saddle, a pair of shop-made boots that almost fit, plus a good Stetson hat.

Cuter, in turn, with his mare and buggy, his flop hat, worn-out shoes and blue bib overalls, had the perfect disguise. He felt secure, but to add a bit more color he conned a farm wife out of a couple of hens and a coop to carry them in. The coop fitted perfectly in the carry-all area behind the buggy seat.

Not even Cuter's family would have recognized him in that rig and in those clothes. To the world he depicted a hard-luck farmer, not a cowboy with the law on his tail.

Cuter trotted that mare right out of Texas, across New Mexico, and into Arizona Territory without ever being questioned. Before reaching his land of sanctuary, however, he did have one minor problem; his meager funds ran dangerously low. Cuter didn't worry, but he kept alert for any sort of windfall, especially a free meal.

As a child Cuter was often shanghaied to church to hear his uncle, the Rev. J. D. Worrell of Camp San Saba, preach. The child had a very retentive mind and memory, and it was not unusual for him to gather his playmates together, mount a stump and deliver a reasonable facsimile of his uncle's sermon.

The gears in Cuter's finely-tuned memory started whirring as he approached a camp meeting in progress. He sensed that windfall and a good meal or so.

Cuter got out of his buggy and introduced himself as Brother Worrell and inquired if he might preach for them. They assured him he might, and he preached.

Years later, after telling my father (his cousin) of the incident Cuter was queried about the size of the collection he received.

"I got about six-bits, Ed."

"Wasn't that damn pore pay, Cuter?" Dad wondered.

Cuter grinned. "Yeah, Ed, it was. But you know, it was damn pore preach!"

(Continued on page 40)

Newton "Cuter" Worrell at Voca, Texas sometime around 1910.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

HIGH PLAINS INDIANS

This reviewer was pleased to learn recently that Geo. E. Hyde's short history of High Plains Indians is still in print. *Indians of the High Plains* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 73019, $4.95 paper) first appeared in 1959. Hyde's 228-page work is a highly readable and authentic capsule history of Indians—Athapascan, Caddoan, Shoshonean, Kiowan, Alkonkian and Siouan speaking tribes—who made their home on the High Plains of the American West between 1300 and about 1800.

Hyde examines the pivotal roles of the Apaches and their Navaho cousins, of the Comanches and their northern relatives, the Snakes and the Blackfeet and the Sioux. It's the story of the rise and fall of High Plains Indians.

Serious students of American Indian history will find a wealth of material in Hyde's book. Black and white photographs are included plus three maps, bibliography and index. Recommended.

ARIZONA TREASURE LEGENDS

If you're hunting for lost mines or buried treasure anywhere in Arizona, you'd better pull up reins until you've had a chance to study Byrd Howell Granger's recently published book entitled *A Motif Index* (University of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, Ariz. 85722, $14.50 cloth). The book is an index to a wealth of information on lost mines and treasures in Arizona. The author, a well-known authority on folklore, joined the faculty at the University of Arizona in 1951. She edited the volume *Arizona Place Names*. Now she has analyzed 339 legends and legend-fragments relating to buried treasure and lost mines in Arizona. She has traced, as best she could, the stories of why the mines were lost or the treasures buried, how the stories originated, reasons why the treasures and legends have not been found, and so forth.

The book should be invaluable to the serious treasure seeker in Arizona, but the author's approach is scholarly. The reader simply wanting to find a book of treasure tales will be better advised to look elsewhere. Recommended.

DIGGING UP HISTORY

There are many dull books on archaeology. But like any book, its dryness depends upon the writer's skill as a communicator. Back in 1933 Elizabeth Ann Morris, a good writer, produced a delightful book on the achievements of archaeologists in the American Southwest. Until recently, however, the book was out-of-print. Now *Digging in the Southwest* (Peregrine Smith, Inc., P. O. Box 667, Layton, Utah 84041, $5.95 paper) has been reissued. The author tells the story of her adventures and those of her husband Earl Halstead Morris. They were one of the most prominent archaeological teams to work in the Southwest. The author defines archaeology as "a rescue expedition sent into the far places of the earth to recover the scattered pages of man's autobiography."

Elizabeth Morris adds, "Buildings of carved stone, rudely dug caves, carefully woven blankets, bits of pottery, all have their tale to tell, when the scattered paragraphs are arranged in order."

The book is easy to read and very informative. Eight new photographs have been added to this 301-page work. And included is a chapter on how archaeologists work, and one on big game hunting in the Southwest—the search for the remains of giant dinosaurs long dead. Recommended.

SPORTING POSTERS

During the late 19th century, only a handful of outdoorsmen read hunting and fishing magazines. To reach outdoorsmen many companies produced advertising posters. Smith & Wesson, Winchester Repeating Arms, Abercrombie & Fitch, Remington Arms and other firms then distributed posters. Much of the art was done by well-known illustrators of the day, including Phillip R. Goodwin, H. D. Edwards, C. Everett Johnson and Frank Schoonover. In time many of these works of art vanished and today originals are sought by collectors, some selling for hundreds of dollars. To bring 24 of the more outstanding posters to the public, Sid Latham, author and firearms specialist, has put together *Great Sporting Posters of the Golden Age* (Stackpole Books, P.O. Box 1831, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105, $8.95). This large—16 by 12 inches—effort reproduces each of the posters in beautiful color, suitable for framing. Instructions are provided for removing the posters from the book. To old-timers the posters will bring back many pleasant memories. The younger generation will discover something of the golden age of outdoor life. The history of each poster in included. Highly recommended.

WINNING THE WEST

In 1966 William H. Goetzmann, director of the American Studies program at the University of Texas in Austin, received high praise and the Pulitzer Prize for a fine book on the role of scientists and explorers in the winning of the American West. Goetzmann's effort, out-of-print, is available again. *Exploration & Empire* (W. W. Norton & Co., 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10036, $7.95 paperback) was recently reprinted as part of the Norton Library series.

Goetzmann details the 19th century adventures of explorers and scientists who helped secure the wilderness West from international rivals, then to open it for settlement, locate its abundant resources, and look into and point up the complex problems involved in administering one of the largest inland empires in the history of the world.

This excellent 656-page book plus index has been described as "monumental" by historian W. Turrentine Jackson, who considers Goetzmann "one of the greatest scholars of the American West of his generation."

This highly readable effort is illustrated with numerous maps, historic photographs and drawings. Detailed sources are provided. The book is "must" reading for students of Western history, and a fine reference work.

OLD-TIME HARVESTING

Many years ago Raymond M. Beckner, the Canon City, Colorado author, worked the harvest fields of western Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado. Beckner recalls those nostalgic days in *Western Harvest Days and Those Steam Monsters* (Beckner Publications, 415 No. 15th St., Canon, City, Colo. 81212, $3.95 paper).

"As one who lived and worked through the days of steam harvest, it has long been a goal to make such a book available," wrote Beckner, who has included 24 old photographs of the steam harvest era in his 52-page book. In his introduction Beckner wrote, "My first harvest recollections are of standing beside my mother as we watched my slender father and brawny grandfather swing cradled scythes as they cut our small fields of wheat and oats. Each cradle of grain was deftly deposited on stubble at the end of each swing, from where it was later gathered in bundles and tied for shocking. Threshing would come later."

The booklet is good reading. The photographs are interesting. It's a fine contribution to one aspect of Western history often overlooked. Recommended.

SANTA FE COLORING BOOK

Santa Fe: A Tour of America's Oldest Capital City (Discovery Stuff, 5328 West 67th St., Shawnee Mission, Kan. 66208, $2.50 paper) is three books rolled into one. This large—8½ by 11 inches—30-page booklet is not only a guide to important landmarks in Santa Fe, New Mexico, but it's a history book containing short historical sketches plus drawings of the landmarks. And this delightful effort is also a coloring book for young and old alike. The title might well have been

(Continued on page 62)

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ADDISON P.

Many a chute would have never swung

By A. P. DAY, JR.
Photos Courtesy Author

Above, A. P. Day, Sr. At right, Emery La Grandeur of Hussar shows his skills as he wins the World Bronc Riding Championship in 1913. Below, Ad Day on the Texas Ranch, about 1892.

I HAVE always wanted to write the true story of who produced and directed the first Calgary Stampede in 1912.

Horace and Elizabeth Day, my brother and his wife, took a tour through Canada last year, stopping off at Medicine Hat where we lived so many years and where my brother was born. Two good friends showed them the city and also the Historical Society Museum.

There were several fine articles about Dad's uncle, A. J. "Tony" Day, but very little about my father, A. P. "Ad" Day, so they asked me to write something about him. I also wanted to write about Emery La Grandeur, a great bronco rider, because I have never seen an article about him in any American publication.

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DAY, RODEO GREAT

pen without the help of this man!

Ad Day was born in Austin, Texas in 1873. His father, C. P. Day, was a brother of Tony Day of "Turkey Track" fame. They ran cattle together in South Texas and later in the Panhandle (Indian Territory) and both went up the trail to Dodge City several times.

C. P. Day had great confidence in his son's ability to judge cattle when he was growing up. Once when his father had sent him off on a buying trip, he was met at the train by the cattleman and they drove uptown. He was offered a cigarette and a drink which he declined, saying he was in training for football on the University of Texas' first team. The cattleman jokingly remarked, "Well, you are a cattle buyer who don't drink or smoke. I'll sure have to 'gotch' an eye on you when you start trading."

An old paper dated December 30, 1928, the Dallas *Morning News*, describes the Longhorn team of 1893, the first for the University of Texas. The Longhorns were Southwestern Conference champions that year. It was a rugged game. They wore no helmets and the field was a little gravelly. The *News* described Dad as follows: "Addison Day (Big Ad), the fullback and one of the greatest that ever carried a pigskin for the orange and white, is now a rancher in southern Alberta."

He played two years of football, and then left to run the ranch because his father was ailing.

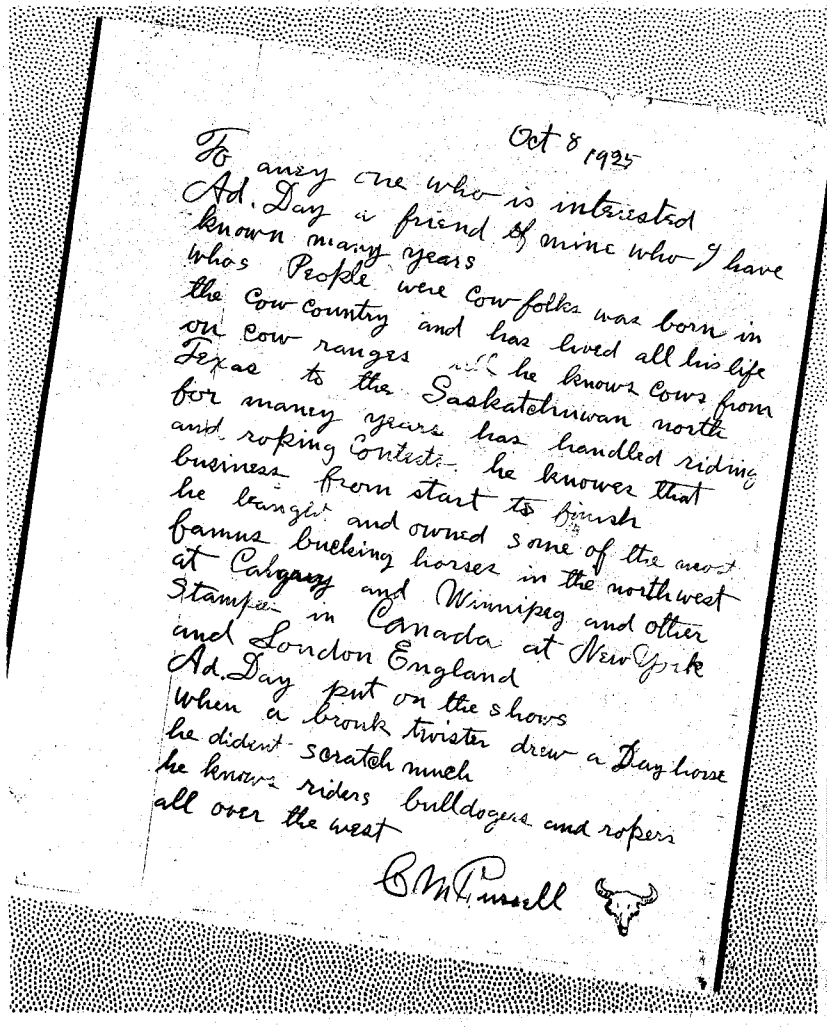
In 1895, partnered with Hank Cresswell, Uncle Tony Day drove 3,600 head of cattle to the Black Hills in South Dakota, the last he ever drove up the trail. In a year or two they were running 20,000 head there and another 10,000 in the Texas Panhandle which they had taken over from Charles Goodnight, a big cattleman and trail driver who had built up one of the best bred herds in the country.

Later, as settlers came in, they sold their American holdings in South Dakota, and in 1902 and 1903 crossed 30,000 head and several hundred horses into Saskatchewan, Canada. In 1906 a hard winter caused unusually heavy losses. Uncle Tony had bought them cheap, however, and the ones left grew big and helped him out a lot.

My father married Ada Tilton Lee of Belton, Texas in 1897. He thought it was the best thing he ever did. He continued to run his father's ranch. Then in 1903 my parents, my sister and I, along with Dad's brothers, came up to Medicine Hat. He and Uncle Tony Day built adjoining houses on Esplanade facing the river. Then with Uncle Tony's help he bought the +Z (Cross Z) Ranch on Sage Creek about 75 miles south of Medicine Hat. Uncle Tony bought the adjoining Q Ranch directly south to the Montana border. Dad put his two brothers, Ford and Willie, on the +Z Ranch. They were real good stock men.

They ran cattle for several years and later raised mostly big horses to sell to farmers using Clydesdale and Percheron stallions. Uncle Tony did the same; also had a few big jacks and raised some mules on the Q's. Dad bought and sold horses and bought some beef at times on commission for Pat Burns, a packer in Calgary. There was no traffic bridge at first, just a railroad bridge across the wide Saskatchewan River. Dad swam horses across the river several times,

(Continued on page 53)



Oct 8 1925

To anyone who is interested
Ad. Day a friend of mine who I have
known many years
Who's People were cow folks was born in
the cow country and has lived all his life
on cow ranges and he knows cows from
Texas to the Saskatchewan north
for many years has handled riding
and roping contests he knowes that
business from start to finish
he taught and owned some of the most
famus bucking horses in the northwest
at Calgary and Winnipeg and other
Stampeds in Canada at New York
and London England
Ad. Day put on the shows
when a bronk twister drew a Day horse
he dident scratch much
he knows riders bulldogers and ropers
all over the west

C M Russell

At left, a letter of recommendation given to A. P. Day, Sr. by Charlie Russell. Below, A. P. Day, Sr.

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CYCLONE

"Git a move on—we're in for a hell of a blow!"

EAST of Arkansas City was Natural Bridge Park, owned by an Indian named Mr. Hightower. He rented out his beautiful grove for reunions, picnics and conclaves big enough to merit the motto: "TABLES AND BENCHES FOR 60. SHADE FOR ALL."

On Memorial Day about 1920 the women of a group of old neighbors and relatives spread their copious baskets of food and looked with anxious eyes at great white thunderheads building up and turning darker by the minute. Their men snapped side-curtains on Model Ts, or ran buggies under the shed and threw saddles over the manger rail.

Before the small cloudburst broke, all took shelter in the old unpainted pavilion, surprising mud-daubers and swallowtails into flight when they lowered the flap sides to keep out the wind and rain.

While the flood of water in the park was subsiding—this was blossom season for stories of other days and other storms when they had run for their lives.

Down around Ark City and Chilocco, bordering the Strip, cyclone winds got a mighty sweep across the flat country. The darkening funnel could be seen for miles whirling and dipping in its fury. People abandoned their flimsy houses for the safety of the little mound in the yard called the cellar. Houses—even two-story houses—were often only one clapboard thick. The second floor was held in place by the stringer boards around the ceiling of the room below.

Ark City lies at the confluence of the Walnut and Arkansas Rivers. Indian legend held that no cyclone would ever blow the town away, for the storm would split and follow the watercourses. But anyone living around there in earlier days can tell storm-cave stories which dispute that theory. Gladys Leech who spent her girlhood there kept notes on her 1920 afternoon in the Park.

"Zola, Bill Green's wife, grew up on a Missouri farm but married this Kansas boy. She told this: 'When we were little, and a tornado seemed imminent, each family was on its own. My father stood on the back porch with his eye on the coming storm. If he saw any large objects flying in the air—and one time he saw a big black cookstove turning over and over—then it was time to light out for the storm cave, Mother and us three children ahead of him. The safe, rounded shelter was about thirty feet from the back door. It really had not been built for a storm refuge, but to keep butter, milk and other foods, for it was several degrees cooler than the house.

"'With his family safe behind him inside, Papa stood in the entry holding the door ajar to make sure the house or the barn or some other heavy building—or a tree—did not fall across the door and imprison us. It seemed as if by his will he could prevent an object from blocking our exit. This he feared more than the elements for there was no warning in those days and thus there would be nobody to dig us out—or investigate—at least not for some time.

"'We all stood around in the damp of the cave, pungent with mingled smells of milk, cucumber pickles, sauerkraut and melons. I stood carefully on one of the flat rocks placed in the floor to hold food a few inches out of the water that always flooded the cave with every heavy rain. I was afraid to move for fear I'd step on a toad. My concern was for myself, not the toad.

"'When Papa said it was calm again, we emerged from the cave to a yard littered with debris. Once a big tree behind the barn was split and broken and the whole barn roof was set a few inches to one side'."

Gladys Leech, whose widowed mother's place was where Sleeth Addition would later grow up, never got over her fear of storms. Her mother would take the hands of the two little girls and tell Gladys to run behind, and go for the cave. She kept a candle down there and would read the Bible to them as the storm progressed. If the guttering candle went out, it was Gladys' job to relight it and keep it stuck to the granite washpan, turned bottomside up.

"Those holy holocausts, and earthquakes, and wall writing and beasts, scared the daylights out of me when the wind was whipping around outside."

Snowy-haired old Mrs. Burch, who had been born in London, told her long dead husband's cave story. The story came from her mother-in-law who took her baby Tom and fled to the cave when fierce clouds came up. The cave was actually the soddy dugout to which she had come as a bride before Big Tom got the house built. She put the baby on a pallet on the dirt floor and after a while lay down beside him for there was no chair in the cave.

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CAVE

By EILEEN CHARBO

Illustrated by Herb Mignery

Stretched along the exposed wooden support over their heads, she saw a snake. Big Tom was away working on the railroad. Dealing with home hazards was a wife's problem. Trembling, she wrapped the baby in the quilt and set him into the big churn in the corner. She pulled loose the 2x4 door support to dislodge the snake. When it fell to the floor she finished it off. But for the next fifty years she would watch fearfully for its mate whenever she had to go near the cave.

ALL MANNER of scary yarns brooded over storm caves: of hot summers long gone when black widow spiders devoured their own kind and stung children; of mad dogs that had gone down there to die; of ghostly things which like to frequent seldom opened, unlighted places. This served to keep the kids from swiping foodstuff stored there.

Only when a storm's fury could be shut out, and a smoky lantern or candle or kerosene lamp could soften the earthen walls with a circle of light, did a cave seem still and safe.

Ted Brennan said his "storm cave" had been under the bandshell in Wilson Park. He was the paperboy, carrying the *Traveler*. He loaded papers into the big white canvas front-and-back pockets of his paper bag, slipped it over his head, and folded and threw papers as he went from house to house. Carrying a paper route then was a personalized service.

"At the Moores'," he said, "I climbed over the locked gate and knocked three times to identify myself. Then waited till they came to take the paper which they did not want folded. At Rezzers' you put the rolled-up paper into the curved downspout at the porch corner, out of reach of their dog that was a paper eater. At Mrs. Grimes' you were urged to come in and read the headlines and the weekly columns from Oatville and Derby, and maybe Happy Hooligan. She always said she had mislaid her reading glasses but my sister Florence, who often was with me, said Mrs. Grimes held the paper upside down.

"Florence was with me on this close, hot afternoon and the storm came out of nowhere. When a tree-splitting bolt of lightning came, then the rain, Florence clapped her hands tight over her wide ribbon hairbow. She said Mamma would smack her for crushing the pink ribbon. I don't know why we didn't go into some house along the way, but I grabbed her hand and ran for home.

"Cutting through Wilson Park, the storm was so bad we ran under the old raised band shell that had ironwork supports and a lightning rod. The deep dust under our feet turned to mud, and cobwebs got on our faces. Only the week before, we had walked the block from home to see Aimee Semple McPherson on the topside of this very bandstand, getting local cripples to walk and sing hymns of redemption. She had been beautiful with her reddish Mary Pickford curls and crimson cape over a white robe.

"Mother had not worried about us, but she did say to Florence, 'I thought you'd have sense enough not to get out and ruin your hair ribbon. You could have stayed with anyone along the route!' "

Harry Briggs told of nights he'd spent in the Spinders' storm cave, and his was the best story of all. "Old man Spinder wasn't really old. We just called him that. He was a widower, raising two rawboned, loud kids that my mother had me bring home for Friday supper now and then. 'Poor mites,' she called them.

" 'Mites!' my dad would say, 'wolves! They got appetites to fit the country. Full of the devil too, I'm not sure I want them around the girls at all.' But he let me stay overnight occasionally out at Spinders' place on the edge of town. Mamma would fix a gallon pail of macaroni and cheese and tie a couple of fruit pies in a worn-out tea towel sling. She thought a little motherly care would help the Spinders' half-dirty, unkempt look—'like they'd plowed all week with no one at the house to see to baths or washday,' she said.

"In the Spinder kitchen, the punched-tin piesafe doors hung open. Pans, oatmeal boxes, dishes, sugar and salt sacks, and graniteware dishes crowded to the edge of the shelves or sat around on the worktable for easy reach. Greasy kettles, frying pans and paper sacks were under the table, all for easy reach. Old man Spinder sometimes got his scissors out and cut the boys' hair while the potatoes were frying.

" 'Well now,' he'd say, 'your Ma was thoughtful to send along that passel of food. I ain't had a pie before supper in a *while*.' He'd light in on a two-crust

(Continued on page 55)

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One of thirty-one tales of Northeast Oregon's past included in **RENDEZVOUS**, by writer Rick Steber, painter Don Gray, and photographer Jerry Gildemeister. © The Bear Wallow Publishing Company, Union, Oregon, 1978.

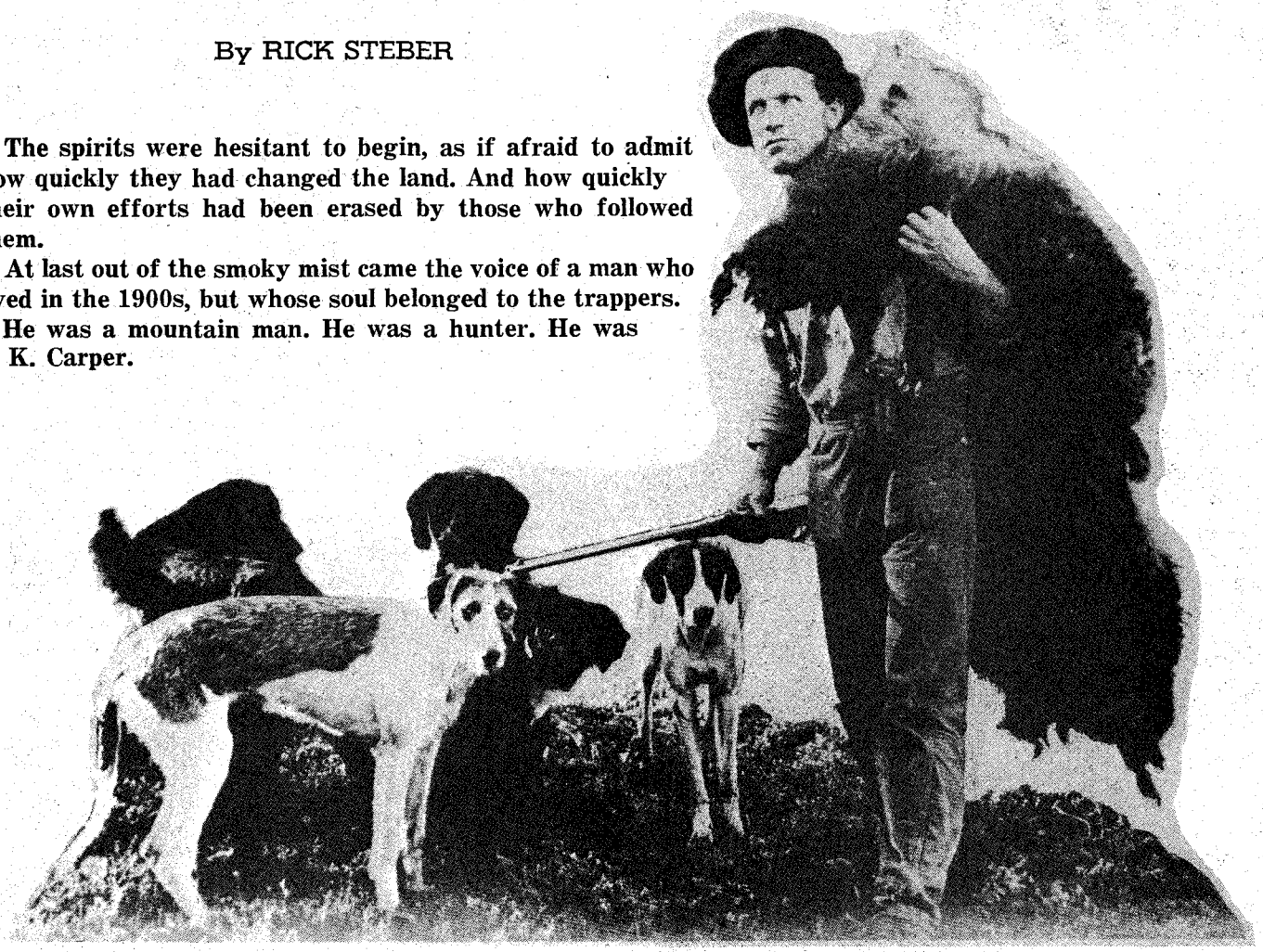
J. K. CARPER

By RICK STEBER

The spirits were hesitant to begin, as if afraid to admit how quickly they had changed the land. And how quickly their own efforts had been erased by those who followed them.

At last out of the smoky mist came the voice of a man who lived in the 1900s, but whose soul belonged to the trappers.

He was a mountain man. He was a hunter. He was J. K. Carper.



J. K. Carper and his hounds.

"I KNOW more about b'ar than any man ever lived," J. K. Carper boasted. "Why, one time I even killed a grizzly with my bare hands.

"Must have been '09. The hounds cut his track in the heart of Joseph Canyon. Grizzly went straight up and ran the best part of the night. Just at dawn, the hounds cornered him in a rock pile.

"I had to shoot from a distance to save the dogs and used up every bit of ammunition. Maybe hit him twice. The last shot he came out over the top of the dogs.

"Rover, my lead hound, stayed on his tail. They went up the hump and dropped down the Grande Ronde side.

"By the time I caught up, the dogs had him cornered in a pool in the river. Rover was on one side, the rest of the pack on the other. They had that grizzly swimming in circles.

"A log was lying across the middle of the pool so I crawled out. When that b'ar swam by I grabbed two handfuls of hair. Then I shoved his head under water and held him there 'til he drowned."

J. K. Carper was a man born to hunt. He took a homestead in Promise country for his family but rarely a week went by that Carper wasn't out on a fresh trail with his hounds.

He was tough as nails. He went wherever the wild animals took him and would have followed his hounds through the gates of hell if the trail were fresh.

Once on a track he refused to give up, especially if the track was bear. Take, for instance, the time he chased a grizzly from Promise country up the Grande Ronde river.

Carper stayed close to his hounds at first. He traveled light, carrying only his gun and a possibles sack filled with donuts and jerky that he shared with his dogs. He didn't even burden himself with a blanket. At night he just dug himself a hole and gathered his dogs around for warmth.

Two nights and days on the bear trail and the

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dogs began giving out. One by one, they pulled up lame or crawled under a tree to rest. Carper's stomach was hollow by then and his strength was inclined to fail him at times, but he stuck to it.

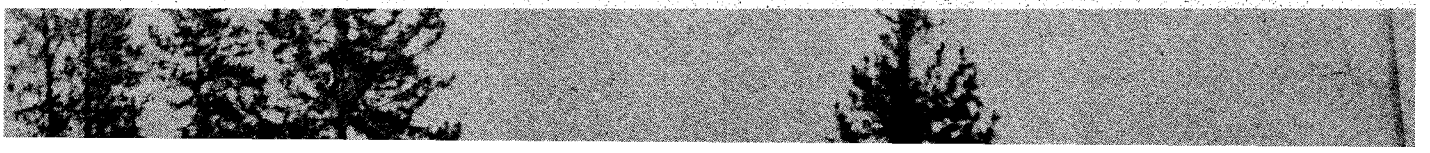
In a wide open meadow, above the town of Elgin, Carper finally caught sight of the bear moving toward a homesteader's barn.

Inside the barn a man and his son were finishing the evening milking when a single rifle shot sounded nearby. They ran outside for a look.

They saw a wild-eyed man stumbling forward using his rifle as a crutch. He made straight for a brown heap—a bear—and withdrew a knife and sliced open the hide. He cut strips of still quivering meat from the haunch and shoved them in his mouth. J. K. Carper had another bear hide to tack up on his log barn.

Carper never went anywhere without taking his hounds with him. They were seven of the finest animals that ever hunted. Two were fox-

Carper at his cabin.



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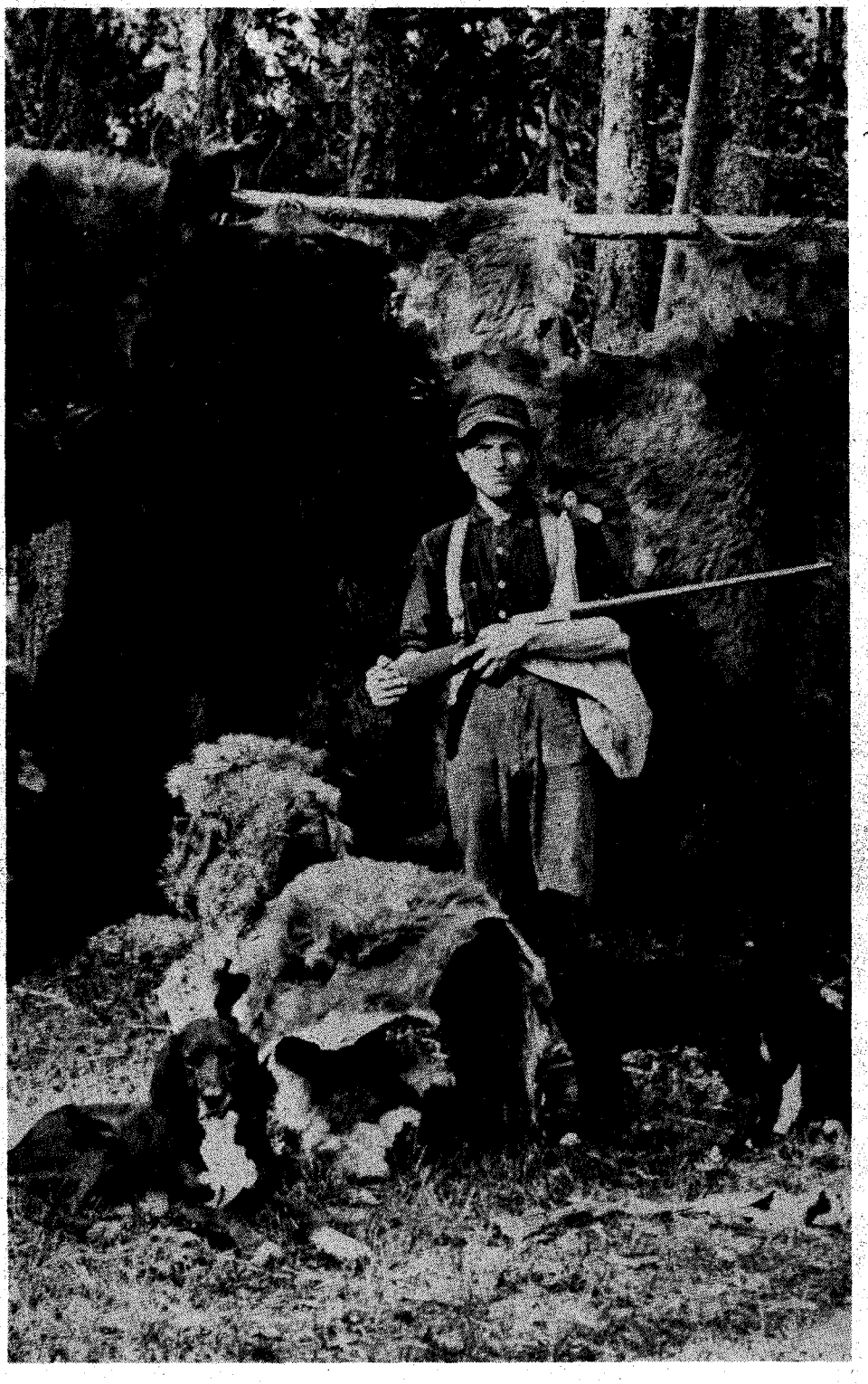
hounds whose job it was to locate fresh sign with their keen scent. One was named Nig. He was old, scarred and crippled from a hundred fights with bear. The other was Rover, a young dog that never backed away—no matter what the odds.

The staghound was named Ranger. He was tall and strong and went all out when the hunted animal was in sight. He could run down a coyote in open country, but his lust for the kill was sometimes his undoing. He tangled once with a porcupine, biting him again and again. Carper pulled six hundred quills from his face, eighty-one from inside the line of his teeth. But Ranger never learned—good dogs never do. They enjoy the kill too much.

Tige was the bloodhound and the heaviest dog in the pack. He was true and tireless on the trail and savage at the finish. He had less interest for other game but enjoyed hunting bear. He even dreamed of bear, growling and rolling back his lip to expose sharp teeth in his sleep.

Rounding out Carper's pack was a female bloodhound and bulldog mix named Jule and her two pups, Bounce and Drum. One was yellow and the other brindle.

J. K. Carper



THE PACK of hounds saved Carper's life more than once. One time in the dead of winter a heavy snow moved in while they were on a hunt. It drifted deep and walking was almost impossible.

To make matters worse, Carper's six-shooter, which was always strapped to his side, discharged accidentally. The shot tore into his thigh and it looked as if life was up for the mountain man. But he fashioned a bandage to slow the bleeding and struck for home. The hounds broke trail, taking turns in the lead and trading when one dog tired.

Luck played no part in Carper's survival. He did it on pure guts and will to live. When he reached the doctor in Wallowa, blood poisoning had set in and the doctor said if he had arrived sooner, he would have amputated the leg. As it was, it was too late. He cut away the infected meat and gave Carper slim chance for survival.

The hunter put a "Denver mud" poultice on his leg and pulled through, although to his dying day he carried an ugly scar.

A bond forms between a man and his dogs in life and death situations. And for J. K. Carper and his pack the bond was strong. Their reputation as hunters was unequaled and in 1907 the government decided to take advantage of it. The Forest Service was conducting an experiment at Billy Meadows. They enclosed 2,560 acres of land with wolf-proof fence and turned a band of sheep loose inside. They employed the best hunter in the country, J. K. Carper, to keep predatory animals outside the enclosure and protect the sheep experiment.

For four grazing years Carper and his hounds made a daily walk around the eight miles of fence. They tracked and hunted down all animals that approached the restricted area and lived in a Forest Service log cabin at Billy Meadows.

The job became a way of life for Carper and his hounds. Every day they were out in the woods hunting. But in 1910, the government decided to discontinue the program and Carper returned to his homestead in Promise.

The idle days at Promise were tough on J. K. Carper. They were even tougher on his hounds. There was no challenge with each new day and the pack became restless.

At home, the hunting pack was joined by a German shepherd, a pet of Carper's children. It was this dog that led the hounds into trouble.

With the shepherd in the lead, the dogs started running the countryside, looking for a hunt on their own. The shepherd took them to a homestead meadow and showed the hounds the fun of running sheep. The dogs went wild and started killing sheep from the flock at random.

The homesteader showed up at Carper's house and informed him of the tragedy. Carper refused to believe him. He was shown evidence. The tracks were his hounds'.

(Continued on page 50)

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TOWNS WITHOUT WHISTLES

By ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.
Photos Courtesy Author

They were the turtles of the prairies; the jackrabbits were always racing down the railroad tracks!

Beaver, Oklahoma's main street in 1893.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

THE inland prairie town, one that sprang into existence without a railroad, was a fine example of Anglo-Saxon initiative. Some of these towns actually became county seats. It was always interesting to live in such a community, and there was a multitude of them around the turn of the century in Oklahoma Territory.

First the town had been someone's dream, because few towns came into being from necessity. The early businessmen were men with drive. Almost without exception they had a minimum of capital, and they faced many problems.

There were no buildings for rent; the prospective businessman had to provide his own. The lumber for his building and his stock of merchandise was hauled from the nearest accessible rail point. This might be twenty, thirty, forty, or more miles away. Banking was done at the railhead or at the county seat.

A school district had to be organized; arrangements made for money to build the schoolhouse, finance the furnishings, and pay the teacher's salary.

Because all kinds of people came to the frontier, a town was scarcely started until it found itself in need of a law-enforcement agency. The justice of the peace system, which we inherited from England, was soon invoked. Until a jail could be provided, a "fraid hole" (cave) could be used to incarcerate the obstreperous until they sobered up or could be transferred to the county seat.

Sooner or later, "where two or three are gathered together," the circuit rider appeared. Mostly he came horseback, his Bible and hymnal together with his spare shirt in the saddlebags, his bedrolls wrapped in a slicker and tied behind the cantle. Sometimes he would have a little more of this world's goods, and would be driving a team of ponies hitched to an old hack that had long since lost its top. A camping outfit, probably an old saddle and a meager supply of food, would be piled in the rear of the rig. But always the hunger for souls to save shone in his eyes.

The first circuit rider I ever saw had only a second-hand bicycle, possibly worth $5. He laid out his circuit covering two towns and three schoolhouses. Later we learned he was supported by the Home Mission Board of his church—twenty dollars per month for his salary, living expenses and the upkeep of his bicycle.

In due time, the needs of most of the

(Continued on page 50)

Uncle Sim Gilles and his wife stand in the doorway of their store in Faxon, Oklahoma.

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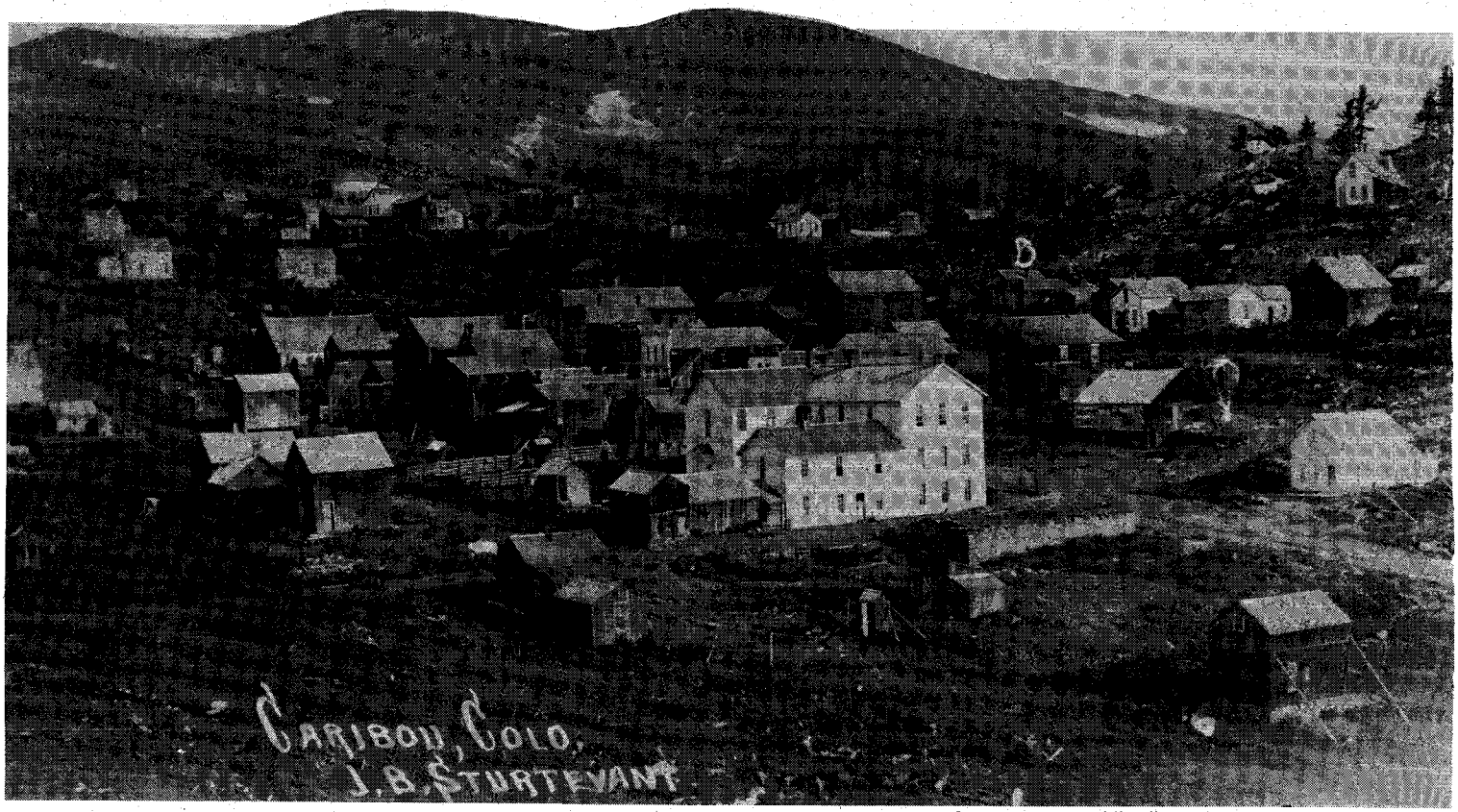
Wild Old Days!



Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department

Caribou, Colorado. Note the braces on many of the buildings used to fight the prevailing west wind.

A HELL OF A PLACE TO LIVE

By C. Kutac

LIFE in the Old West was never particularly easy, but some places had so many drawbacks it was ridiculous. Take Caribou, Colorado for instance, the mining camp along the Continental Divide.

Situated on a barren mountain at an altitude of 9,800 feet, the camp had snow about nine months out of the year. Nicknamed "the town where winds were born," Caribou was buffeted by constant pressure from the west. Most old photos show braces on the east side of the houses and buildings, and most of the sheds and outhouses as well. Snow sifted into every crack and crevice, including those around windows and doors; you can imagine how annoying that must have been. The wind also piled snow into drifts, often as deep as twenty-five feet, with one huge snow bank running the entire length of the town.

Residents of Caribou were often forced to enter and leave their houses through the upstairs windows, because the drifts blocked the doors. Foresighted folks were careful to keep shovels indoors, so they could dig their way out each morning.

One disgruntled miner left Caribou grumbling that the town had nine months of winter and three months of late fall. Indeed, one Fourth of July was ruined by a sudden blizzard; and in August 1885 the *Boulder County Herald* commented that a Caribou snowdrift still had not melted from the previous winter.

Another unlucky man, returning to the mining camp in spring, was unable to find the house he had bought the previous fall. Eventually, in July, with the help of a long pole that he poked into the drifts, he located the house—it had been buried in a massive snowdrift that covered the whole slope where the house stood.

AS IF the winters weren't bad enough, each summer Caribou had violent storms. Lightning struck with maddening frequency, seemingly drawn to the little town like bees to honeysuckle. Only later did geologists discover that an enormous dike of iron, running right under the town, had been attracting those terrifying bolts.

Life in Caribou was especially disagreeable for children. Besides the danger of pneumonia from bad weather, mothers lived in fear that those in school would become confused in the winter storms and wander off into the mountains. At times, there was school only three months of the year.

In 1879 a diphtheria outbreak, due to accumulated filth, prompted Caribou people to clean up their garbage and wastes. Smallpox and scarlet fever ran rampant, youngsters, with children under ten, being the hardest hit. The Caribou Cemetery, about a mile north of town, is the resting place of far too many children in proportion to the town's size.

For thirty-five years the mining camp struggled along, under unpleasant conditions and repeated misfortunes. Hordes of flies hovered around the houses, and each meal was a constant battle to keep them off the food. Huge rats were common, and they scurried boldly across the floors, seemingly unafraid of people. Dogs were a source of trouble too, for they overran the town, fighting and barking. There were at least three dogs to every person, it was said.

In 1882 and again in 1903, earthquakes

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rocked the area, but aside from lightning storms the real danger was the wind. A small spark could become a raging fire. In September 1879, a gale spread flames to approximately forty buildings. All burned to the ground. A number of shaft houses, too, went up in flames.

In December of 1889 a fire started in Richie's general store and before it was stopped, all buildings on the north side of Idaho Street were leveled. Fire from a defective fuse, in 1905, swept from building to building and virtually wiped out what was left of Caribou.

It must have taken a real sense of humor to live in that town for any length of time. When commenting on her life in early-day Caribou, one elderly lady quipped, "At least no one ever needed a refrigerator!"

VIOLENCE

By W. W. Boggan

"HELP! Mrs. Boggan! There's a dead man!" The Wheeless children were screaming and rushing into our home. I do not recall the year, though it must have been in 1922 or '23; however, the events of that day were so frightening to me that I can recall them very plainly.

It was a beautiful sunny morning. The Wheeless children were walking along a sandy lane on their way to Sunday School. Near our home they discovered a corpse, and in their great fear they rushed to our home, yelling for Mother. While she calmed the smaller children, Vincent, the older boy, ran to the village to tell the news.

Within a short time men on horseback were racing by our house to where the body lay. Doctor Thomas drove by in his Model-T. Within a few minutes word came to our house that Claude Tullous was the victim and that he had been shot.

How frightened I was as I watched the horsemen ride by, accompanying a wagon in which lay the body of the young man. I did not know for a time that my father had found a six-gun in our yard early in the morning on the day of the murder. Apparently the killer had tossed the gun over our fence as he rode by during the night.

It was not long after the body was discovered until the community of Easterly, Texas knew the details of the tragedy and those involved. And, as little folks often do, I listened and watched as the story unfolded.

Tullous was known to have gone to a country dance with several riders. Most of them were brush riders or cowboys. Apparently the group had become well liquored up. During their ride from the dance, an argument ensued after one of the young men pistol-whipped a man they had met along the way. The argument became heated and one of the riders drew his gun and shot Tullous. It was alleged he also fired at Gus Whatley, and Whatley did leave town and did not return for many years.

Herman Curlee remained with the body of Tullous for a while after the others had ridden away. After a time Curlee rode to his ranch cabin and went to bed. Other riders present were Ben Threadgill and Eddie Corn.

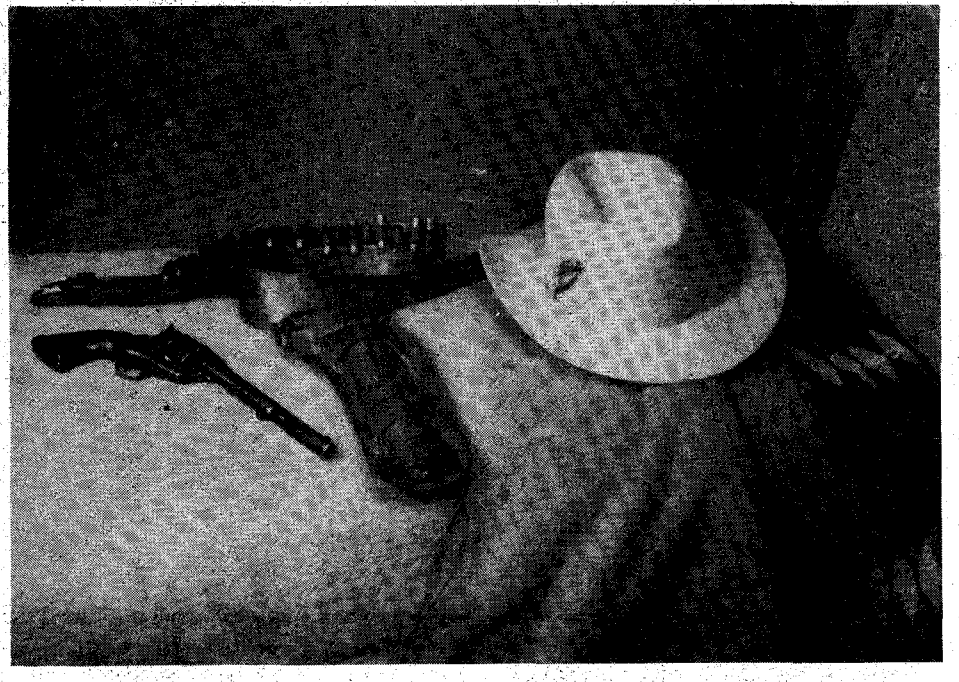
Shortly after the corpse was brought into town, a posse was formed. A number of horsemen, well armed and led by an officer, were on the way to round up the young cowboys. Their night of fun had turned bitter.

I do not recall the trial. My family has told me that Ben Parten, Sr. was the prosecuting attorney. The trial was held at Franklin, county seat of Robertson. The accused was convicted and served some time in the penitentiary at Huntsville.

Actually, all of those involved in the shooting incident were men of character. As I grew up, I became better acquainted with them—and they all, including the man who pulled the trigger, lived honorable, useful lives. Tullous' death was an unfortunate and unpremeditated event during the fading days of the frontier.

Incidentally, I still have the old Frontier Model Colt's six-shooter that was used in the killing of Claude Tullous.

The gun used in the killing of Claude Tullous.



A CHOICE TO MAKE

By Mary Hagen

KATE WHITCOMB picked up a small cameo and pinned it to the lace collar of her dress. Before going downstairs to join her husband, she went to the children's rooms to say goodnight. Ten years earlier, or even five, Kate would have dreaded the evening that lay ahead. Now, however, Cheyenne, Wyoming's Society had accepted her and she had accepted it.

During the 1880s, Cheyenne had become one of the richest cities of its size in the world. Men and women from some of the most prominent families in the United States and Europe called Cheyenne home. Elaborate mansions stood on the treeless prairies. Unpaved streets and wooden sidewalks created an incongruous contrast to the magnificent homes.

Most of the houses bordered Ferguson Street which was often referred to as "millionaire row." The Whitcomb house was a large, square, wooden structure with wrought-iron on the porches. In one room of the house was a remarkable collection of war bonnets, beadwork of all kinds, weapons and other items from Kate Whitcomb's tribe.

W. E. Whitcomb, Kate's husband, had arrived in Wyoming in 1857. He was typical of many men who came West—young, strong, self-disciplined, with an absolute faith in his ability to handle any situation.

He took an Indian wife. For a few years he ran Horseshoe Station in Wyoming where he sold merchandise and liquor. After being burned out through the instigation of Mrs. Jack Slade, a neighboring stage station operator, he moved to the Cache La Poudre Territory. It was here that he met and married Kate.

Kate was Sioux. She was born and raised with her tribe. Even after she married Whitcomb in 1865, her life did not change. The Whitcombs lived in a teepee. Kate made leather clothing and moccasins for herself, her husband and their children, in the manner of her people. She was a quiet person with a low musical voice and a graceful walk.

"Whick," as Kate called her husband, took up ranching. As his ranches prospered he established several extending from the Cache La Poudre River in Colorado to Chugwater, Wyoming. His finances grew in proportion to the ranches he built. In 1868 he decided to give up his migratory life and build a home in Cheyenne. Kate did not protest although there was every indication that she did not want to leave her way of life.

(Continued on page 48)

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An Artist's Two Years Alone in the Desert

By ELEANOR BRADLEY
Photos Courtesy Author

"I'M COMING BACK to paint this desert," Frederick Melville DuMond promised himself on his first trip across it in 1908. He was on his way to visit his parents in Monrovia, California where they had moved from the penetrating cold of Rochester, New York.

The desert he admired was in the Southwest, that vast domain of the American Indian. The powerful red, orange and black of the land and the brilliant blue of the sky appealed to DuMond's thinking and to his feeling. He preferred to express himself in striking colors and big dramatic scenes, an expression that was achieved with palette knife.

His work which had become known in Europe and New York showed extraordinary force in the subjects he chose and in his vigorous way of handling them. The man, himself, all six feet one of him, was big in mind and imagination as well as in body.

In 1909 DuMond packed his paints and easel. He would be in the Southwest about two years in all and would make two trips. He would cover the Indian country from the Grand Canyon in Arizona to Espanola, New Mexico; from the Petrified Forest and Laguna Indian Reservation in the south to the Mesa Verde and Raton Pass in the north. He would create scenes never before put on canvas.

From these trips, too, would come new theories and stories of the cliff dwellings. He would study the Southwest and learn its ethnology, geography and history. He would look at this little-known land not only through the eyes and heart of an artist but also as a civil engineer, an occupation he had intended to follow before he became interested in art.

"To live in this country forcibly draws you back to the beginning of the race; makes you normal with nature and primeval times," he told the curators of the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

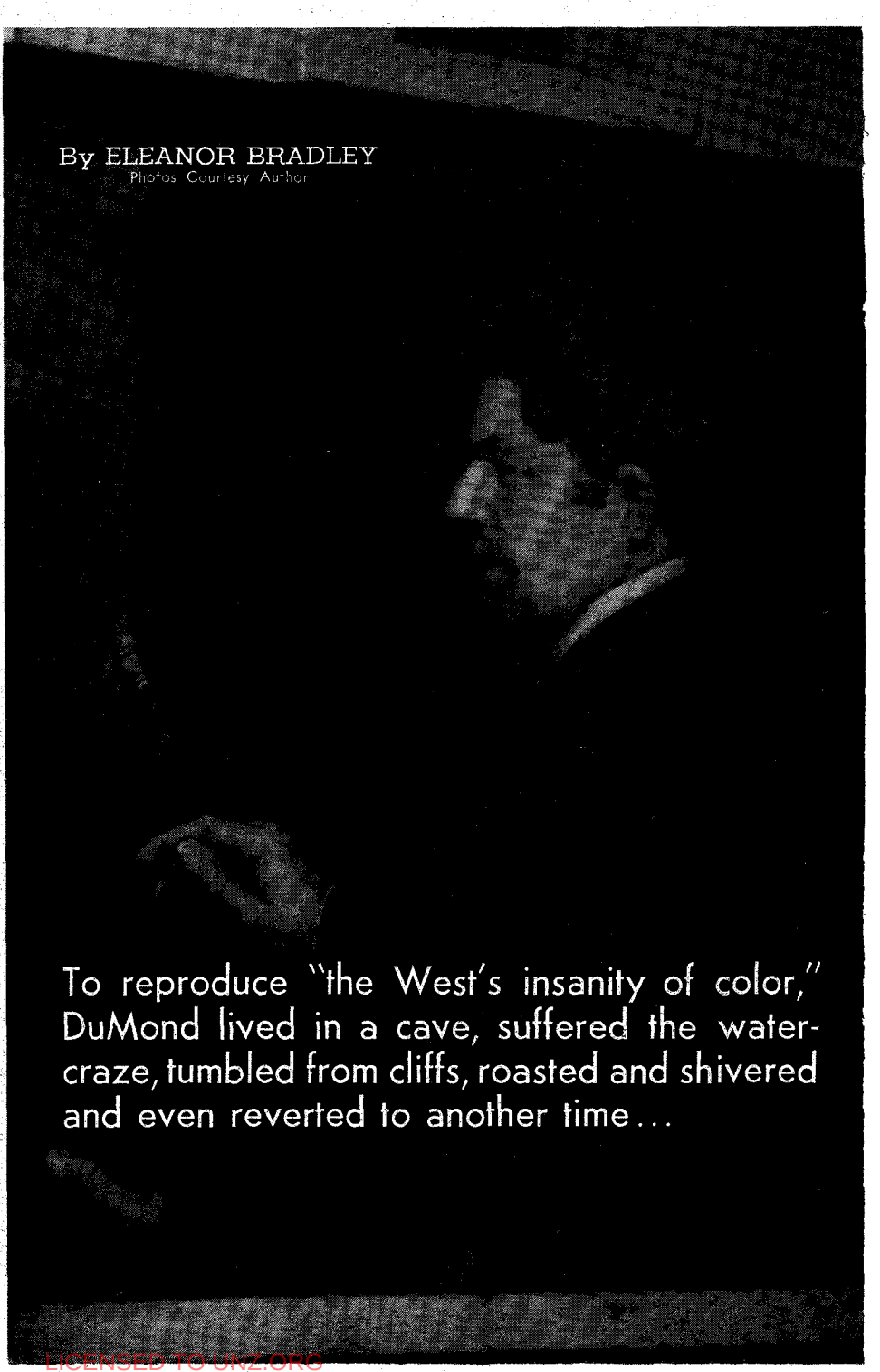
DuMond traveled on the Santa Fe Railroad probably as far as Gallup, New Mexico, from where he made his way to one of the three Hubbell Trading Posts in Arizona. Lorenzo Hubbell had trading posts in Oraibi, Kenyon, and Ganado. The latter, his principal one, was his home.

Hubbell had long been known as a trader and Indian Agent, and a willing and remarkable host to any traveler passing his way. Tales of his generosity reached from coast to coast. He once entertained 300 Indians at a single gathering, and had fed previously as many as 150 Indians, Mexicans, and Americans. President Theodore Roosevelt, on his trips to the West, made it a point to see Hubbell and to listen to his stories.

Hubbell's generosity extended to DuMond. He offered to supply the artist with the necessary equipment for the proposed journey at his own expense. DuMond, however, asked no favors and paid his bills. Later he gave Hubbell two paintings.

The larger of the two paintings measured 35 by 23½ inches. It is a night scene showing a crescent moon in a dark sky, a distant dark horizon, dark red-

The artist, Frederick Melville DuMond, from a portrait painted by his daughter, Camille E. DuMond.



To reproduce "the West's insanity of color," DuMond lived in a cave, suffered the water-craze, tumbled from cliffs, roasted and shivered and even reverted to another time...

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dish cliffs rising from the top of the talus slope in the right center with a distinctive rock spire. At the top of the talus, in part shadow, is a Hopi woman, unmarried as shown by her "maiden whorl" hair style. She is riding a burro, her left arm raised and extended before her. In the lower left corner is written "For my good friend Mr. Hubbell."

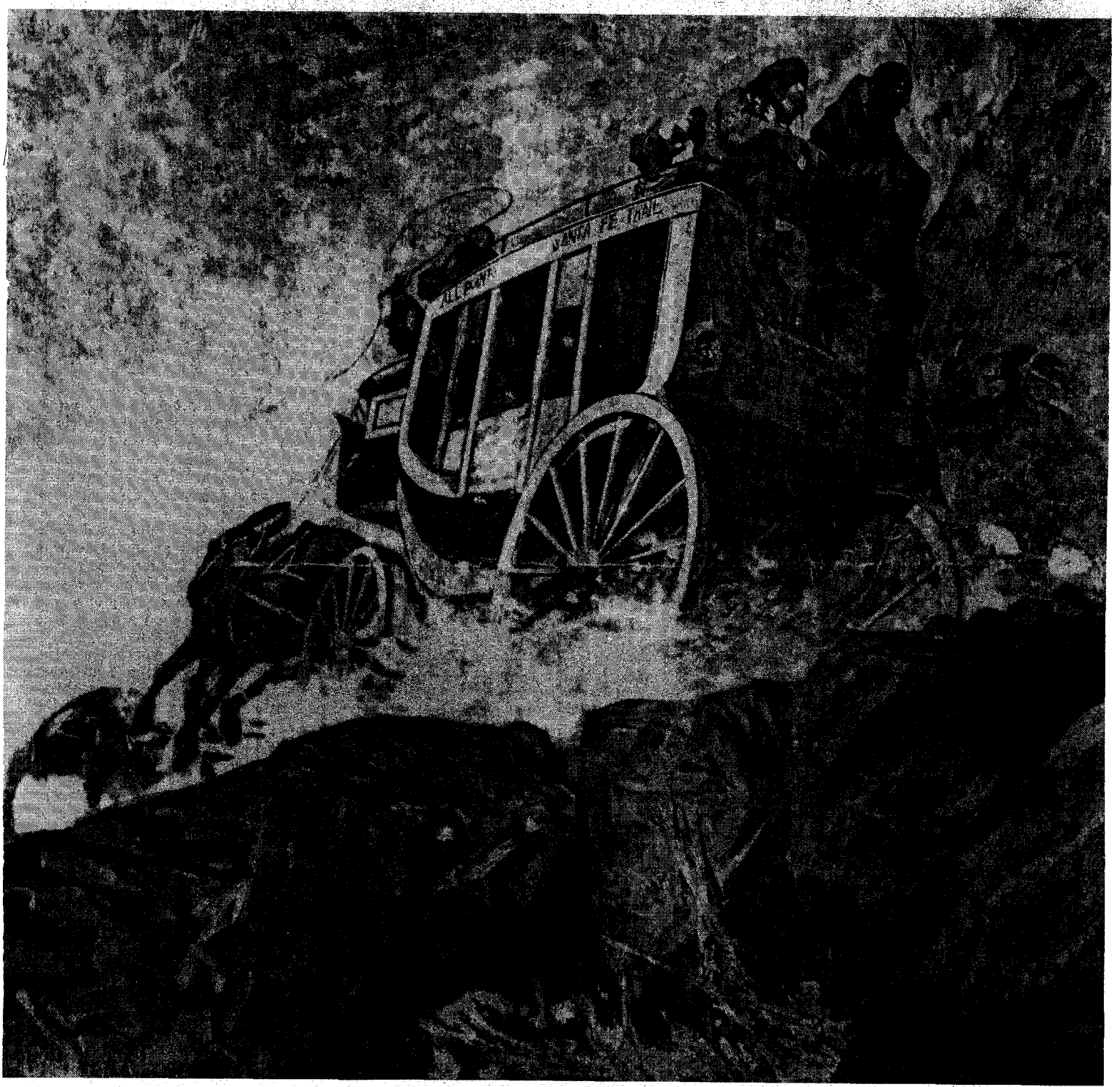
The other on composition board—which DuMond used for his sketches—measures 12 by 18 inches. The subject is a portion of a Hopi pueblo, and houses that are perched on the very rim of the mesa. The lighting is intense sunlight with deep shadows. It is believed that DuMond made the painting at the Walpi village. This one he inscribed "To Friend Lorenzo Hubbell."

DUMOND left the Hubbell Trading Post with two horses, a buckboard, and an Indian guide, Chief Dedman. With this equipment, which included an abundance of food, and with the mental provisions of curiosity, courage and patience, he began his demanding and perilous journey.

Evidence indicates that he headed for the Grand Canyon on his first trip. Except for his ultimate destination, it is hard to know the exact route he followed on either trip. One thing is certain. There was nothing but hot dry desert ahead of him. The water in his canteen began to boil before he was an hour on the trail. He was to find this strange land unrelenting and not always kind, as if it were trying to keep the secrets of its billion years as long as possible, giving up grudgingly only to those who really earned the right to know. But in the end it was destined to yield compensating reward.

For a curious and intelligent man such

An illustration used on the cover of *Leslie's Magazine*, July 11, 1912.



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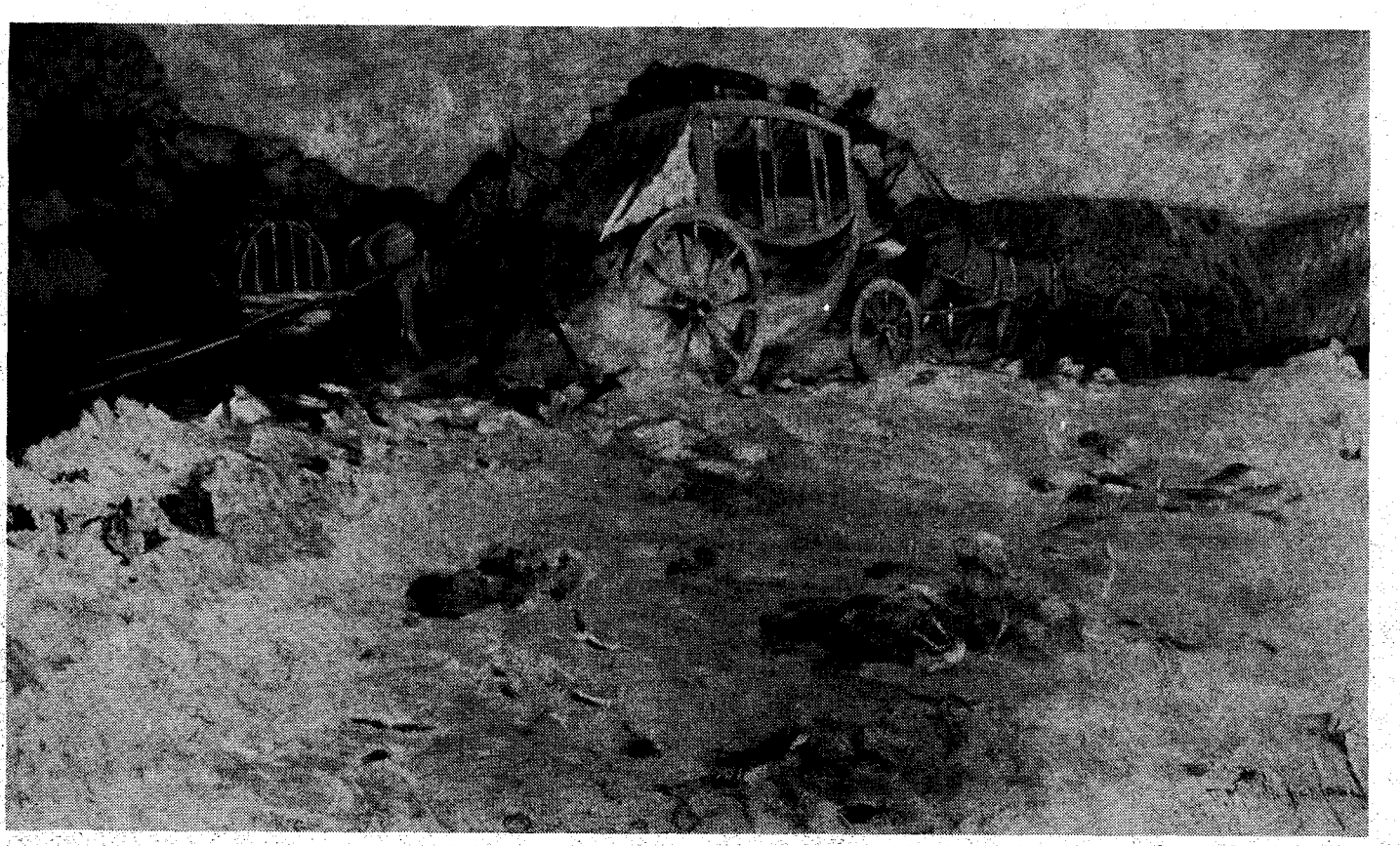

"The Long Trail"

Courtesy Santa Fe Railroad

as DuMond, the desert proved to be both a place to paint and one to induce research. Often while stopping to rest, DuMond would kick up a string of arrowheads or a bone or skull from the sand.

Hieroglyphs scratched and painted on the cliff dwellings seized his interest. There were old Indian clay pots, broken peacepipes, stone hatchets, and bowls, one holding petrified corn and beans. Some of these items are now in the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History.

In Arizona he painted the Petrified Forest and the Grand Canyon. The Grand Canyon he painted from the top and from its depths—still a difficult feat. "The Awe-Inspiring Clouds at Sunset, Painted Desert," "The Antelope Priest Descending Into A Sacred Snake Kiva," and "The Prisoners Decorative Project, The Resubjection of Natives by Diego de Vargas, 1680" were titles given to other paintings. And there were many more.

Comparing his paintings of the Southwest with the strong work he had done in Europe—the sunsets of Italy and subtle misty colors of the Swiss Alps—one can only guess at the imagination, the excitement and delight he must have felt as he worked in the desert.

Its flamboyant colors, of course, presented problems. It was different from anything he had experienced in Europe or in the Orient, and the kaleidoscopic scenery created new and puzzling challenges.

"No paint can be manufactured that is strong enough to give an adequate idea of the insanity of color. I have done my best with what color I had, but some chemist will have to invent a method of painting with colored lights if we are ever to portray it correctly," he explained later during an exhibition, to Zoe Beckley, a New York newspaperwoman.

But the subjects which really whetted his palette knife were the cliff dwellings. He visited at least three—in Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado.

At Canyon de Chelly in northeastern Arizona stood the picturesque walls of orange and red sandstone and regions rich in geological lore. This was the landscape he compared with the colors of a Navajo blanket.

Another source of inspiration was the Mesa Verde in southwestern Colorado. The principal pueblos of these mesas had been discovered in 1888 by Richard Wetherell and Charles Mason, two cattlemen who came upon them while searching for some of their livestock.

HE ALSO visited the cliff dwellings in Espanola, New Mexico. "You may think that you New Yorkers are pretty good cliff dwellers but the real ones went you one better," DuMond said to Kate Greenwood who was interviewing him for a New York newspaper.

A cliff dweller's entire house could be set in the kitchen of a Harlem flat. Nine feet square was the average. The dome roof of natural rock was about five feet high. If an Indian husband were industrious he would scoop out a little more of the roof so the family could occasionally stand erect!

It was in such a room that DuMond slept, ate, lived, and painted for four months. The room was a hole in the face of the cliff four or five hundred feet high. He reached it by taking off his shoes and sticking his toes and fingers into crevices and hauling himself up. No elevator, dumbwaiter, janitor service or steam heat was included. Also, there was no air shaft. But then none was really needed. A window as broad as the room itself let in the necessary air and gave a panoramic view.

"For a bed I used an elongated rock, and a bunch of rocks at one side was my chair. No window shades were necessary because the only living creature with eyes to see me and my household arrangements was a stray coyote who lived in the valley far below."

In his book, *Face of North America*, Peter Farb writes about the Southwest desert, "It is a paradox that in this thirsty land, water has been the prime creator of scenery. Water formed these sedimentary rocks under ancient seas, and water sculptured them as they rose. Water carved the buttes and mesas, chiseled Bryce Canyon into every shape known to man, and sawed the mile-deep chasm of Grand Canyon. Water has cut innumerable gullies into the weaker rocks on countless slopes. Wherever a stream finds a sufficient incline to attain speed, it picks up the silt on its bed and uses it like emery paper to deepen the channel. Major John Wesley Powell was one of the first people to understand this fact about the western rivers." Powell had gone down the Colorado in 1869.

How many geologists had acknowledged this fact by the time DuMond was in the desert is not known, but his engineering mind immediately grasped it.

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"After camping for four months in my cave studio in the deserted village of cliff dwellers," he said to Harriet Quimby, an interviewer for *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, "I became firmly convinced that many of the theories regarding the mysterious people formerly occupying the caves were without foundation. There is every indication that the sea once rolled over the desert. The action of the water formed natural caves in the sandstone cliffs. The Indians coming in boats found these caves attractive living places and took possession of them.

"As everyone knows, the cliff homes are built in tiers some 20 and 30 feet apart. The highest ones are 60 feet or more from the ground. As in many places the cliffs jut out at an angle of 40 or 50 degrees, it is impossible to believe the Indians scaled up such dangerous elevation in order to excavate homes in the side of the cliff. They must have come in boats.

"There is convincing evidence that only one ledge at a time was occupied. In portions of the village and in some caves, I found sea sand as well as bones of fish and petrified shells. Of course, it is possible that dried fish may have been brought in from the sea by the Indians, but considering the distance of Arizona from the sea, it is not probable."

THERE were many times during DuMond's trip when living conditions were not easy, and at least twice DuMond came near to losing his life.

Once when his Indian guide had gone back to the trading post for supplies, DuMond was overcome by food poisoning while painting on the edge of a canyon. Losing consciousness, he fell over the edge. A large cactus plant kept him from going down into the canyon, a fall that, no doubt, would have killed him. Gaining consciousness from time to time, he sent up prayers to heaven as he lay in the hot sun during the day and in the cold at night. His condition was poor when the guide found him four or five days later.

A second experience that brought DuMond close to death was what is known to the Indians as the "water craze." Alkali in that part of the country gets into a man's system. It swells his lips and makes them crack. He breathes it constantly. This is what brings on the water craze. The artist went through this experience several times.

In recounting his journey for *Leslie's*, DuMond said, "The half-breed who acted as my guide and who made himself generally useful by fetching water, shooing away rattlesnakes, and attending to our primitive cooking, found me one night a mile or more from my cave dwelling. I was headed for a water hole ten miles away. Prowling around in the middle of the night as Indians have a habit of doing, he missed me and started in search. He found me, as he suspected he would, flat on the ground in the sand going through the motions of swimming. He took me back to my cave half conscious. There he warmed water which he made me drink slowly. Then he sat by while I slept, ready to administer more water if I began to swim.

"The peculiar feature of this water craze is that it happens when the person has plenty of water at hand. It is a sort of mental condition which results from privations which he suffered probably months before.

"On the way up from Gallup I suffered intense thirst. The burning sun had dried up all the water holes and the little river bed was a dry, pebbly strip. I remember thankfully coming upon a water hole all but dry and what moisture there was left in it trampled and made filthy by wandering desert sheep; yet I welcomed a handful of the mud from which I extracted a few drops of water. My pony, too, got enough to sustain him until we came to water really fit to drink. I had been in my cliff dwelling studio a month or more with clay jars filled with water all around me before I suffered the attack."

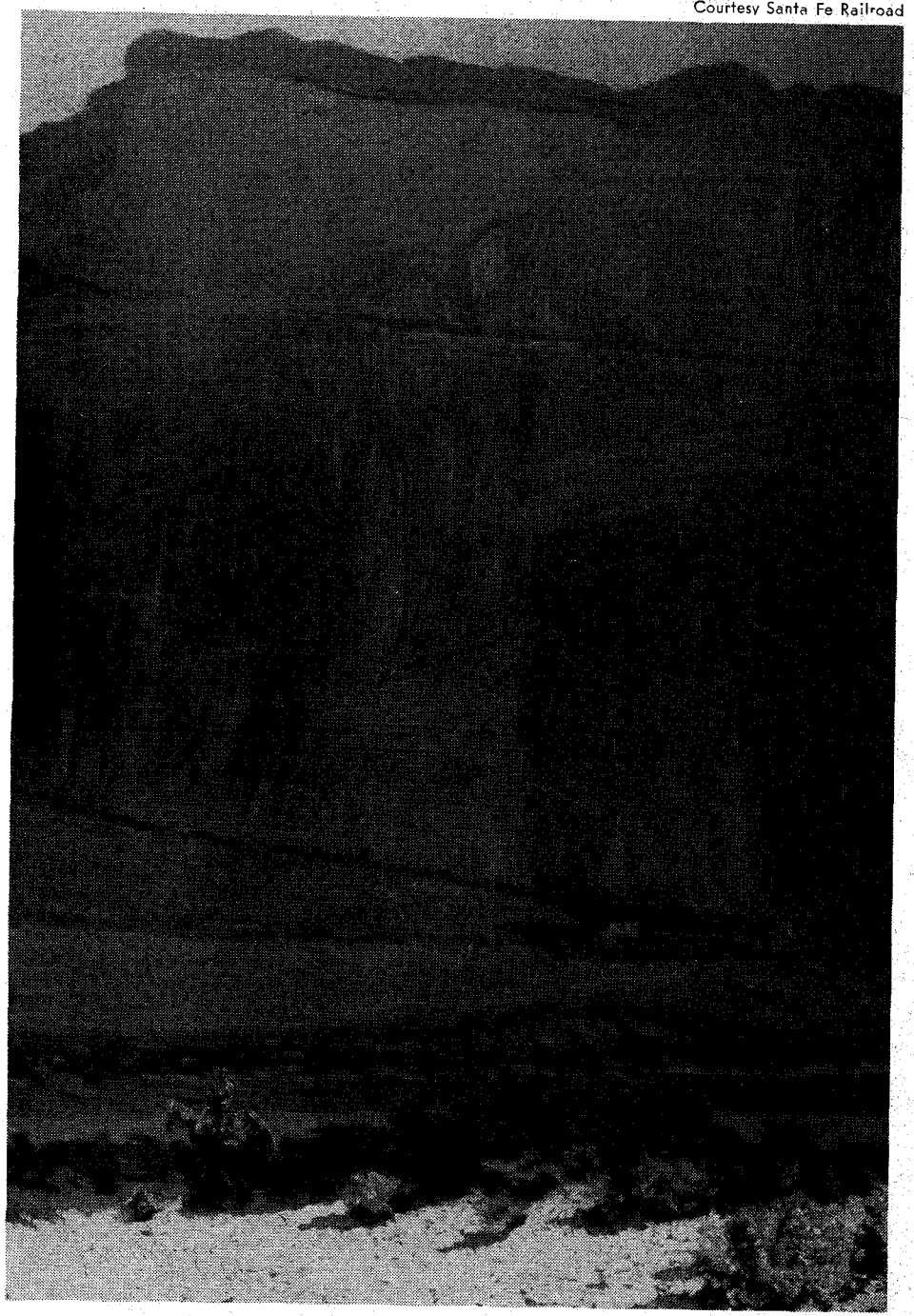
DuMond came out of the experience feeling that he had been born again.

"Man is an absolutely different person after the water craze," he went on to explain. "He hears sounds of nature he has never heard before. His sense of smell is more acute. His vision is keener. He begins to understand some of the things that were mysterious before. He is apt to get the thought of his companions before the spoken word, and somehow knowledge of events reaches him before the messenger bearing the news appears. And with his new birth he finds himself as superstitious as a red man."

Living alone in the desert for long periods of time, and in the same environment as the cliff dwellers had lived, gives a man a whole new outlook.

"Cliff Village Ruins"

Courtesy Santa Fe Railroad



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In DuMond the desert produced this new outlook and along with it a profound respect for those who had lived there before him, the red man that so many thought of as a savage, uncouth, unreligious and vicious and whose home was at that time considered to be the Bad Lands.

DuMond's respect for the Indian continued to grow. "Most of us have remarked the superior bearing of the Indian—not reservation Indian or Carlisle graduate, but of the Indian living his natural existence," he told Miss Quimby. "His hauteur is not assumed. He feels superior to his white brother because the gifts of nature bestowed upon him made him superior. He can hear and see what the white man cannot hear or see, and he knows many things which the white man can never hope to know unless he becomes virtually an Indian himself.

"At no time do I realize the spiritual superiority of the red man more than when I return to civilization and eat three meals a day, drink coffee, tea and wine, bathe in water instead of sand and sleep in a room with the window open instead of watching the stars twinkling above. All that I have gained that has been quickened, becomes dulled; my subconsciousness apparently goes to sleep and I slip back into the prosaic existence that I knew before. I like civilization because I was raised in that life; but I know why the Indian feels superior."

OUT on the desert a person begins to absorb the superstitions of the Indian. He learns to read coming events in nature such as the clouds. One readily catches this superstition. Also he becomes religious—not the kind of religion we think of as churchgoing, but a natural impulse to worship the Creator of the beauty and wonders that surround him.

Enchantment is easily believed in this land where contradictions take over. DuMond watched the water in his canteen boil and saw the thermometer rise to 150 degrees and then burst. In spite of this heat, prostration was unknown.

While sitting at his easel, he noticed that the air might be unusually still when all of a sudden a wind from nowhere would spring up, filling the wet paint on his palette and canvas with dust. As suddenly as it had come, it would disappear.

Often from a cloudless sky would come literally tons of water heavy enough to crush a man as easily as the rugged rocks that surrounded the canyons.

Out in the middle of the desert, DuMond saw green grass where cattle grazed and water flowed. He saw sunsets in the East, green—not blue—skies, and mirages of ships sailing on the ocean, purple seas and black projections which only a moment before had been nothing but white sandstone shining in the sun. While mirages, of course, are only the result of atmospheric tricks, they seem to leave a man in awe and give him respect for the powers that exist.

These were the problems that made this constantly changing Arizona desert with its startling colors almost impossible to put on canvas.

Living in Indian country, DuMond heard many legends. There was one about the haunted mesa—a huge block of sandstone topped by earth, an eminence of only a few acres in extent and rising four hundred feet from an almost level desert—that seemed to have more foundation to it than most.

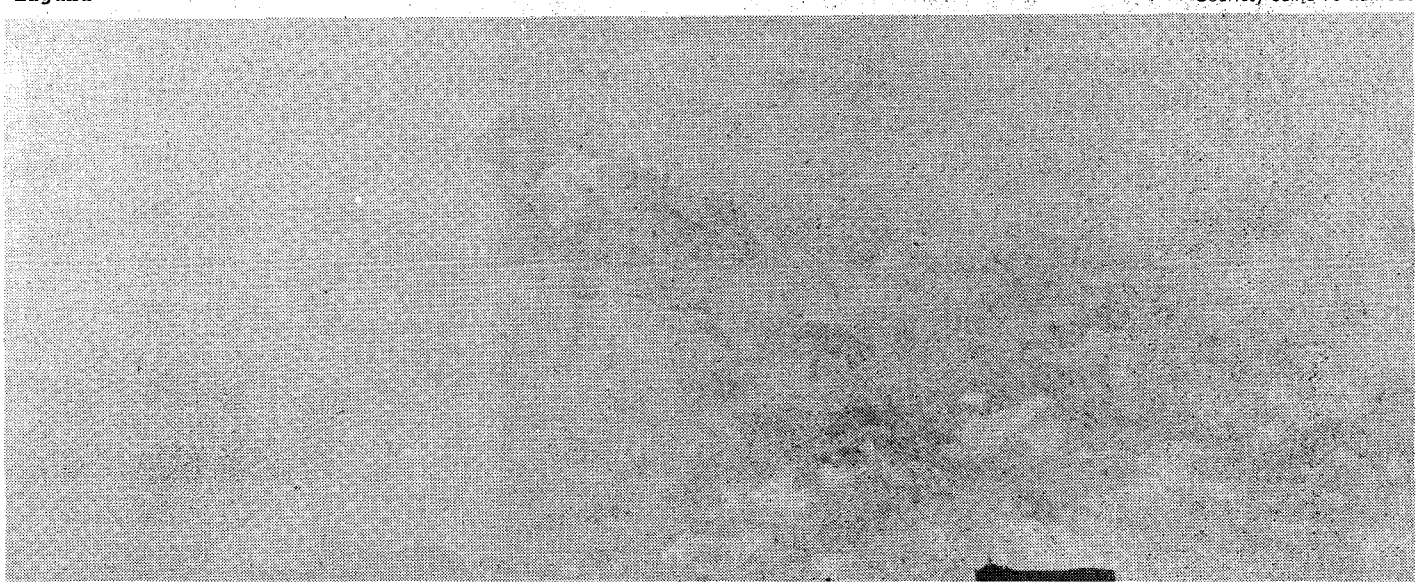
Little by little he was able to patch the story together: "The haunted mesa was occupied by a tribe of Indians. With only one trail leading from the bottom to the top and with sheer walls four hundred feet high, impossible for the most agile enemy to scale, they felt secure. They cultivated their little gardens and apparently lived their existence happily until, one day, when the warriors had descended in quest of game, one of the sudden cloudbursts peculiar to the country, washed away the trail. With all their ingenuity, the warriors could not find a means to scale the mesa. Without food and water and unable to descend, the women and children were left to starve.

"Many of the cave homes in the cliff dwelling villages would be quite comfortable places of habitation for Indians today but an Indian could not be induced to enter one of them.

"Convincing proof of this was shown by an Indian boy herder whose sheep

"Laguna"

Courtesy Santa Fe Railroad



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wandered over the desert and almost into the village, when suddenly the sky let down a solid sheet of rain. The boy quickly drove the sheep into one of the caves but at my most urgent solicitation would not enter one of them himself."

DUMOND exhibited thirty-four paintings in March 1912 at the American Museum of Natural History in New York where they attracted considerable attention and justifiable amazement. Just as so many Westerners, before the advent of good color photography, questioned the vibrant fall colors of the eastern United States, so the curators of the Museum questioned the brilliance of the Western desert as DuMond depicted it. "How could it be so intense?" they asked. It was a curator of Indian art who assured them that the colors were not only true but might have been even more vivid. And he assured them also that he was quite pleased with the artist's rendition.

The brochure of the exhibition read: "The pictures, many of them subjects never before painted, were achieved in the face of many natural obstacles and difficulties of life which can be appreciated only by those who have made protracted visits in this region.

"The hugeness of nature, the moods of this wild desert and its few inhabitants, the enormity of the work of ages and the wonderful coloring have been seized with understanding and rendered with truth and virility."

Critics were warm in their praise. Enthusiastic articles appeared in New York papers and magazines. Writers recognized the importance of DuMond's adventure from the standpoint of an artist and of an educator bringing a deeper understanding of the Southwest to the rest of the country.

This land which had for so long been regarded as the land of the heathen, the land in which thousands of pioneers had lost all worldly goods and sometimes even their lives in attacks by Indians and highway robbers, or who perished from the extreme heat in summer and cold in the winter, began to take on a new look.

It was the look of Mother Nature—awe-inspiring deserts, freakish upheavals of mountains, the slow-erasing of buttes and mesas by sand, wind and rain. And possibly here was a new realization that this land of the Indian was more than a land of graves. There must be some good where so much beauty abounds.

The Santa Fe Railroad purchased several of DuMond's scenes for their Chicago office. Some years later the paintings were placed temporarily in the various branch offices. "The Long Trail," "Laguna," "The Bull Team," "The Cliff Village Ruins" were among the paintings owned by the Santa Fe.

In their July 11, 1912 issue, *Leslie's* reproduced in color his painting, "Santa Fe Limited, The Overland Express, Raton Pass, New Mexico." The gold sun of evening reflects on the huge orange-red boulders in the foreground, on the yellow grasses, on the stagecoach which is orange. It is even reflected on the shirt of the rider on top of the coach and on

(Continued on page 37)

PAUL L. HUNTLEY
P. O. Box 45
Coaldale, Colorado 81222

A Cowboy Huntley

A cowboy Huntley, now 85, who spent his life on ranches in the south-central Colorado mountains, shares his experiences, and a history of the area, through books he has written and published. Beginning when he was 13 he ran cattle and horses on various ranches and kept this up until he retired at the age of 77.

With only a seventh grade education he has put on paper most of the things that happened over those years. Running from 400 to 900 head of cattle, branding calves out on the open range, tying up and leading out old wild steers, the names and personalities of the sure-footed horses he rode, the good and the tough times over the 65 years he spent, mostly on a horse.

"BLACK MOUNTAIN COWBOYS" is 8 by 11 inches, 200 pages, plus 80 photographs and a map of the area, is a collection of cowboy stories. The price is $8.00 postpaid anywhere in the United States.

"A COWBOY AND HIS HORSES", also 8 by 11 inches, includes stories about the 50 or more horses he owned and rode, the personalities of the horses, the things he and the horses did together. The price of this 140 page book, with 80 pictures, is $7.00 postpaid anywhere in the United States.

A smaller book, "ONE HUNDRED YEARS ON THE SWITZER RANCH" is the story of one of the old ranches west of Canon City, Colorado. The book, 5½ by 8 inches, with map and 15 pictures, is 37 pages. The price is $2.50 postpaid anywhere in the United States. All books are softback.

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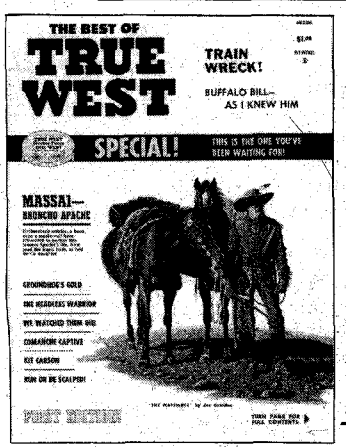

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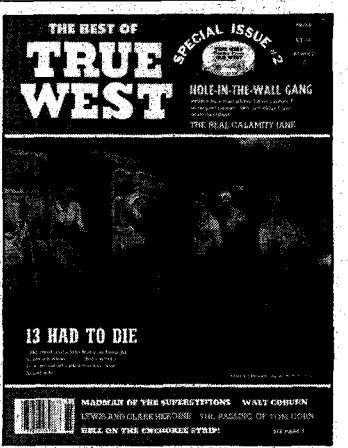

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Courtwright-Castleman

My mother was born in a covered wagon on May 1, 1898 on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana. I surmise her parents left the Oregon Trail somewhere in Utah and traveled up into the Montana Territory. If anyone has knowledge of this wagon route in 1898, I'd like to hear from you.

Also, I'm trying to find my kin who are descendants of Peter Courtright (also spelled Cortright and Cartright) who was born in Cattanaugus County, New York in 1827. He joined the Civil War at Calhoun County, Michigan but he joined the Missouri Volunteers and rode with the Merrill's Horse Cavalry. He married Eliza Castleman in 1864 at Ross, Michigan and their witnesses were Wilson and Mary Ann Courtwright. Some years later they homesteaded in Kansas.

Eliza was born in March, 1841 in New York. She had a younger brother Edward Castleman and a younger sister Emma Castleman Isaac, both residents of Michigan in the early 1900s.

Pete and Eliza had six children, Eli, Christian (who took after his dad for his know-how and love of horses), Rose, Elizabeth (who had Mom in the covered wagon), Carrie and William.

I would appreciate any information on the Courtwrights or Castlemans.—Edith Peck, 621 Royal Gorge Blvd., Canon City, Colorado 81212

Anderson-White

My husband's mother, Arminta Anderson, was born April 22, 1876 at Palo Pinto, Texas. Her father was John Anderson and her mother was Mary Katherine Hunter. John Anderson had three brothers: Clark, Cass and Will and a sister, Hattie. Hattie married Dave White and they had three sons that I know of: Bill, Emery and Bob. This family lived in Jack County, Texas.

If anyone has information about this family I would appreciate hearing from you.—Mrs. Joe Wilkinson, P. O. Box 336, Sudan, Texas 79371

Greenhaw

My grandparents were Wesley M. Greenhaw and Julia Lloyd Greenhaw. Wesley was born somewhere in Alabama. He owned a farm in Dierks, Arkansas and lived there from the early 1870s until his death around 1895. He married Julia Lloyd in 1888 and they had a son, Will. Will was about six years old when his father died. Julia took Will and went to work in Arkadelphia, Arkansas for a Mr. and Mrs. Simms.

Wesley had children by a former marriage. The boy, Robert A., lived in Oklahoma or Texas. Daughters Lew Ann and Nancy E. lived at Dierks. Lew Ann may have run a post office and store there. Wes also had a granddaughter, Mary Litchford, living with him at one time.

We know very little about this family. Any information will be appreciated.—Charles W. Greenhaw, 1518 W. Orangeburg Avenue, Modesto, California 95350

Smeall-Morgan-Reid

George Smeall married Ebizer Short in Earlstone, Scotland on November 6, 1846. Four children were born to them: Ebizer Scott, 1847; George, July 4, 1849; Marion, September 12, 1851 and Adam, June 12, 1854. I believe all children were born in Edinburghshire, Scotland.

Adam became a doctor in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, having moved there from Lima, Ohio. He was married to Clara T. Kibby. Marion Smeall married Samuel Walker of Yorkshire, England.

There is a picture of George Smeall, Sr. taken in Toronto, Canada. It is a picture of a white-haired man.

I have old pictures of the Smeall family taken in Crete, Nebraska. There are other pictures of Maud Mason, Todd Morgan; Maude Thompson; Edna Dale; Ruby and J. M. Reid. These are all beautiful old pictures. I would like to correspond with relatives of any of the above, as I believe all are related to the Smeall family.—Leo O. Wilhelm, 125 Helen Way, Escondido, California 92025

Hilfernik-Feary

I am trying to find information about Hendrix Hilfernik. He came to the U. S. about 1850 and was in Quincy, Illinois in 1861. I would appreciate hearing from anyone whose last name is Hilfernik or Feary.—Judy Feary, Star Route, Marquand, Missouri 63655

Ben Gotmer

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about my grandfather, Ben Gotmer. He was a sheriff in Brighton, Colorado. He married Margaret Didier and they had four children: Marie (1901); my mother, Gertrude; Henry and Walter. The family lived on Bridge Street, corner of 6th. My grandmother used to fix meals for the prisoners. Ben Gotmer died about 1907 when he was about thirty-seven years old.

Any information will be appreciated and I will answer all letters.—Thomas Weber, 1106 Fairfield, Indleside, Illinois 60041

Suggs

I am interested in the Suggs family. Lawyer Suggs, born in 1809, had eight sisters and brothers: Margaret, Lias, John, Lauen, Elizabeth, James, Jane and Elisha. Some of the family settled in Texas, Georgia and Oklahoma. Any information on these people or their descendants would be appreciated.—Kathy Lehnen, 318 G Street, #9, Chula Vista, California 92010

Coffman-Boggs

I am seeking information on Julia Coffman who was a Cherokee Indian. I do not know her father's first name but her mother was Sarah Boggs. Their birthplace or where they died is not known to me.

Julia was born in 1866 in Kansas City, Missouri. She was married first to John Lands in 1879 or 1880 and they had three children: Tillie, John and Bill. Sometime between Julia's first and second marriages she moved to Sonora, California. Around 1890 or '91 she married Sidney Smith. They lived in a big white house somewhere between Sonora and Jamestown. Two children were born there, Sydney Earl and Julia, who died when she was six months old. Sidney Smith died in 1897 in Sonora, California.

I do not know when Julia married John Evans but they had four children: Ruth, Merle, Rose and John. Ruth is still living but I have no information on the other children.

Julia Coffman Lands Smith Evans died in San Jose, California November 1917 at the age of 51 and was buried in Sonora.

Does anyone have information on Chief Fuller? He knew my people well. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knew any of these people.—Josephine Brown, 254 Pine Street, San Andreas, California 95249

Greene

I am looking for the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of James S. Greene (1861); John D. Greene (1862); Joseph L. Greene (1863); Joseph Emry Greene (1866); Alonzo F. Greene (1868); Charley Corman Greene (1869); and Franklin Leo Greene (1875).

At one time they lived in Missouri. James S. and Charley Corman moved to California.

If anyone is a descendant of any of these Greenes or knows of anyone who is, please write.—Mrs. O. A. Greene, Box 335, Ontario, Oregon 97914

Grant-Morey

I am trying to locate relatives or descendants of Greenwood Childs Grant and Rebecca Morey, my great-grandparents.

The only information I have on Greenwood Grant is that he was born in Belfast, Maine, in 1813. I have written there but was informed that there is no record of him. Rebecca Morey, his wife, was supposedly born in Searsmont,

(Continued on page 62)

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Two Years Alone in the Desert

(Continued from page 35)

the sweating rumps of the ponies. The race over the narrow winding pass with a sheer drop below, the Indian wrapped in his blanket sitting with the other passenger on top, the clouds of dust through which an Indian on horseback is barely discernible, the sky broken by pink clouds, the contrast of darks and lights give a dramatic, breathless force.

Six other paintings were reproduced in black and white. One was DuMond's cave, looking across the canyon from the depths of the studio. The original, now in possession of DuMond's daughter, shows the studio with its heavy dark shadows, almost black. From this room the artist looked out onto the long-deserted cliff dwellings from which the sun was reflected back to the ceiling of the studio. He also presented a view of the strong green growth in the valley and the distant purple mountains so familiar to the desert.

In the center of the page is "The Cliff Dwellers Village," known as Cliff Palace, where no living Indian can be induced to enter. The other four paintings show Indians reading coming events in the sky, the Petrified Forest of the Grand Canyon, the Snake Priest entering the Sacred Snake Pit, and the Enchanted Mesa in New Mexico.

Speaking of startling contrasts of the Indian country, DuMond said, "Now here is my Navajo blanket landscape. Don't you see where the Indians got their designs? Red and black! That's practically the color scheme of this section. Red earth and black grass. The Navajos don't split hairs; it looks black to them with the shadows on it. And the serrated effect of the shadows gives them the pattern they weave in their cloth."

In his "Cliff Palace, 'Puyee', Espanola, New Mexico," his free use of the palette knife, so well executed, brings out the roughness of the tuffa rocks. From this painting the viewer would be quick to agree with the artist on the impossibility of scaling such cliffs and might also agree that something more than a human hand carved out the caves.

DUMOND was forty-two when he went into the desert. Born in Rochester, New York, July 15, 1867 he grew up along the Erie Canal and graduated with the first class of the Rochester Mechanics Institute in 1886. He had planned to be a civil engineer. His first engineering drawings so impressed his father that he decided to send Frederick to Paris with an older brother to study art.

In Paris he attended the École des Beaux Arts and Julien Academy where he immediately showed his talents as an artist. As assistant to some of the famous teachers and painters, he was sent to the Orient to study and make drawings of the architecture of the Eastern countries.

He was permitted to exhibit at the Paris Salon each year without the need to go through the jury of twenty painters who made the decision on what could or could not be exhibited. He won the highest honors a foreigner could win. Some of his paintings were shown at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago 1893-94. His "Columbus at Salamanca" shown there was purchased by John Wanamaker.

DuMond came out of the desert a different man. He had steeped in its solitude, reveled in its lore, soaked up its haunting beauty, and eaten too much of its sand to forget it. The sophistication of Paris and New York suddenly appeared inadequate to fulfill his insatiable thirst for life. True, he could not lose contact with the large cities entirely. They brought his livelihood. Frequent visits to New York and the cultural centers of Europe were necessary. But DuMond was aware of the importance of solitude to his well-being.

His married life had been disappointing and turbulent. His first wife, with whom he had been deeply in love, died a few years after their marriage. From this marriage had come a son, Jesse, who became a Doctor of Physics, was professor at the California Institute of Technology, and who designed and developed precision instruments for research in X-Ray atomic and nuclear physics.

DuMond's second marriage, to a French woman, was one of considerable discord. He found it impossible to cope with his wife's violent temper and was divorced. One blessing, however, came from this marriage, a daughter Camille whom he adored and who was a constant companion to him.

It was Camille who at the age of four was intrigued with the multifarious tints in the artist's pastel box. The delicious-looking sticks were as tempting to her as a showcase of lollipops might be to other children. Unable to resist them, she would use them, to her father's delight, to draw horses on the back of his canvases while he painted on the front. It was her voice with its clear tones that made him weep as she sang his favorite songs in the evenings. It was she who followed in her father's footsteps as a painter and teacher of art.

WHEN DuMond had gone to the Southwest desert, he had left his seventeen-year-old son and nine-year-old daughter with his parents in Monrovia, and he went back there to prepare his paintings for the New York exhibition. Friends who saw the paintings wanted to buy them immediately.

But though Monrovia became DuMond's home, he still longed for the quietness of the desert where he could catch more of its mysteries. He homesteaded 160 acres in California near Muroc and built a studio there. At last he had a place where he could get away from civilization and its many interruptions.

Eventually he purchased a home in Monrovia. From his studio with its beamed ceiling on which he had painted a mural of Old King Cole, he continued to paint and to teach art.

His students were ecstatic over what he had to give them, and they sat charmed by his stories, his dry humor, and his gracious manner, which even the hard, rough life of the desert could not tarnish or destroy. Some students almost wor-

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shipped him, as is often the case with a good teacher.

His sense of humor was shown in the following story published in a Monrovia newspaper: While DuMond was painting a group of Ogalalla Indians, cut off from the Sioux, some visitors who were staying nearby came up to him. One of the ladies known for her strong views on temperance asked him why he did not do still life. DuMond replied, "Madam, I have conscientious scruples. Some years ago I painted a body of still water and many of my friends said it looked like a 'still' and had a true spirit about it. I thought the compliment doubtful and considered it a josh. But one day I entered my studio and noticed a tramp sitting in front of the picture with a long piece of iron piping in his hand. He said he wanted to draw the spirits out of the quiet still, and not caring to encourage even imaginary intemperance, I have since refrained from painting still water with even too much ginger in it, much less spirits." After that the lady visitor wanted to make DuMond an honorary member of the W.C.T.U.

It was not new for Frederick Melville DuMond to receive honors and public recognition. They had been his for many years. None, however, could compare with the feeling of exaltation and accomplishment the Southwest desert had given him. There he found oneness of thought both in the land itself and in its inhabitants. "It is a country nobody understands," he said. "It is more wonderful than anything in Europe or the East. The men out there are big hearted and fine; they treat you like children, even the rattlesnakes are friendly," he was quoted as saying.

DuMond died in Monrovia in 1927. He was only fifty-nine, but he had lived richly and fully. Someone has stated that the man who knows and understands a race or nationality separate from his own has the fortune to live two lives. DuMond indeed lived two lives.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 1)

many relations of his in Colorado. His violin was very old but he still had it when he passed away. My sister has or did have it. Thank you for your magazines.—Mabel Rich Bourgeois, 4471 Maize Road, Columbus, Ohio 43224

Kiowas

After reading "The Kiowa Raiders of Rainy Mountain" in the April *True West*, I just had to write. I am married to the great-grandson of Chief Lone Wolf, or "Gui-page."

The second Lone Wolf, shown in the picture on page 7 with Big Tree and Komalty, is buried outside our hometown in the Indian Elk Creek Cemetery. His son is my father-in-law.

Hanging in the living room is a large picture of the second Lone Wolf in white man's suit. They also have one of him in full Indian dress.

Our hometown is Hobart, Oklahoma, about 20 miles or so from Rainy Mountain. I have played on the mountain many times. I am white, but am proud to be a Lone Wolf.—Shirley Lone Wolf, 6207 N. W. 38, #7, Bethany, Oklahoma 73008

☆ ☆ ☆

I have been a subscriber to *True West* and *Frontier Times* for a considerable number of years and the mere fact that I have continued to renew must prove that I like your efforts. I don't know when I enjoyed a story more than "The Kiowa Raiders of Rainy Mountain" which appeared in the April issue of *True West*. Lee E. Echols is to be commended.

The Anniversary issue of *Frontier Times* (July 1977) contained some excellent features, but I was intrigued by the story of Snowshoe Thompson. I wonder how many of your readers noticed how the Norwegians named their children? To quote from the story " . . . Gro Johnsdotter and her husband, Tosten Olsen, welcomed their sixth child . . . and they christened him John Tostensen." In other words this baby would be known as "the son of Tosten" and he would not carry the father's surname of Olsen. The mother, by her name, signifies that she is the dotter (daughter) of John.

The Icelanders used to employ the same system except that it was "dottir" and "son" in place of the Norwegian "dotter" and "sen." When the first Icelandic settlers arrived here in Manitoba in 1875, they used that method of naming their children. My late mother-in-law was christened with the surname of Klemensdottir—daughter of Klemens. Fortunately, this system has been abandoned. I use the expression "fortunately" for a reason—can you imagine the fun, or more likely frustration, one would run into in trying to trace the family tree? (Unless records had been kept very meticulously.)

I hope I'll be around to read your magazines a long time.—W. J. Larner, 201 Strathnaver Avenue, Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada R1A OH4

Correction

In my story "An Old Windmill" which ran in the Wild Old Days section of the April *True West*, I inadvertently made a ten-year mistake. My father and mother were married June 28, 1885, which would mean he was with the L F D Ranch prior to that, not 1895 as stated.—Naomi Wood

More on Hugoton-Woodsdale

A few weeks ago I picked up an April issue of *True West* and read "Bloodshed in Kansas" by David Wood, Jr., a grandson of Col. Samuel N. Wood. It is a detailed story of his grandfather's life up to about the year 1886. From then on began the story of Sam Wood's ambitious decision to include Stevens County, Kansas into his political domain.

I am Mrs. Thomas W. Frost of Seattle, Washington. I will very soon be ninety-seven years old. I am the daughter of the Hon. William O'Connor who was appointed to a judgeship in the District of Chitina, Alaska by President Howard Taft in early 1908. He served that area until his death in the Kennecot Mining Company's hospital, up the Cooper River, in April 1922. He served in the Union Army and the 23rd U. S. Infantry under his brother, Capt. Stephen O'Connor. Because he was only thirteen years old when he joined his brother's regiment, he was not on the records, so we learned.

I feel reasonably sure that I am the only living person who saw Jim Brennan shoot Sam Wood on that 23rd day of June 1889, in the doorway of the Methodist Church, which was used as a courthouse in the village of Hugoton, Kansas. The time was about noon, following the morning session of the County Convention. I was told to go home but I had crept under a pew, well up front, so I would not miss anything. I was one of the last to file out and I was directly behind Sam Wood, who with another man was conversing about something.

As we came to the small vesibule with the outside door on the right, there stood Jim Brennan, leaning against the wall facing those leaving, his right foot crossed over his left ankle, right hand in his pocket. Just as Wood was about three feet away, Jim drew, aiming at his chest, but Wood started through the outside door, turning. That gave the impression that he was shot in the back, but Jim Brennan did not shoot people in the back.

At this point let me say that William O'Connor did not leave the scene, bleary-eyed with liquor. O'Connor was not a drinking man and was too smart to allow himself to be caught in that position by the Woodsdale people at the County Convention. Later that day my sister stood by the side of the road and watched as a farm wagon passed, one sideboard on, with Sam Wood flat on his back, toes straight up, covered with a horse blanket, on his way back to Woodsdale. So much for June 23, 1889.

I was there and I remember everything that happened. My father liked to have me around and I liked to be with him and I took the place of the boy he had hoped I would be. I just naturally was always "there" when things happened.

In early 1887 my father was a Collector of Revenue at Hutchinson, Kansas. In company with the Cook brothers, Orin and Charlie, Charles Schell, Cyrus Frease, and Mack Donald went to Hugoton with the idea of making that village a large city, to be the pride and joy of western Kansas. My mother and sister Mary and I landed there in August of that year. When we arrived that evening at sundown, there was an encampment of the State Militia tented just north of the town pump (windmill). I never heard anyone say why they were there. We stayed at Nash's Hotel where some of the officers ate. I do not remember how long they were there.

The Cook brothers and Charles Schell came from New Hampshire; Cy Frease, from Hutchinson. I do not know where the Donalds came from. He was a professional gambler. He had many games in the back room of my father's office but I never saw a bottle of liquor there. Professional gamblers, like good bartenders, do not drink.

David Wood, Jr. goes on to relate that

(Continued on page 60)

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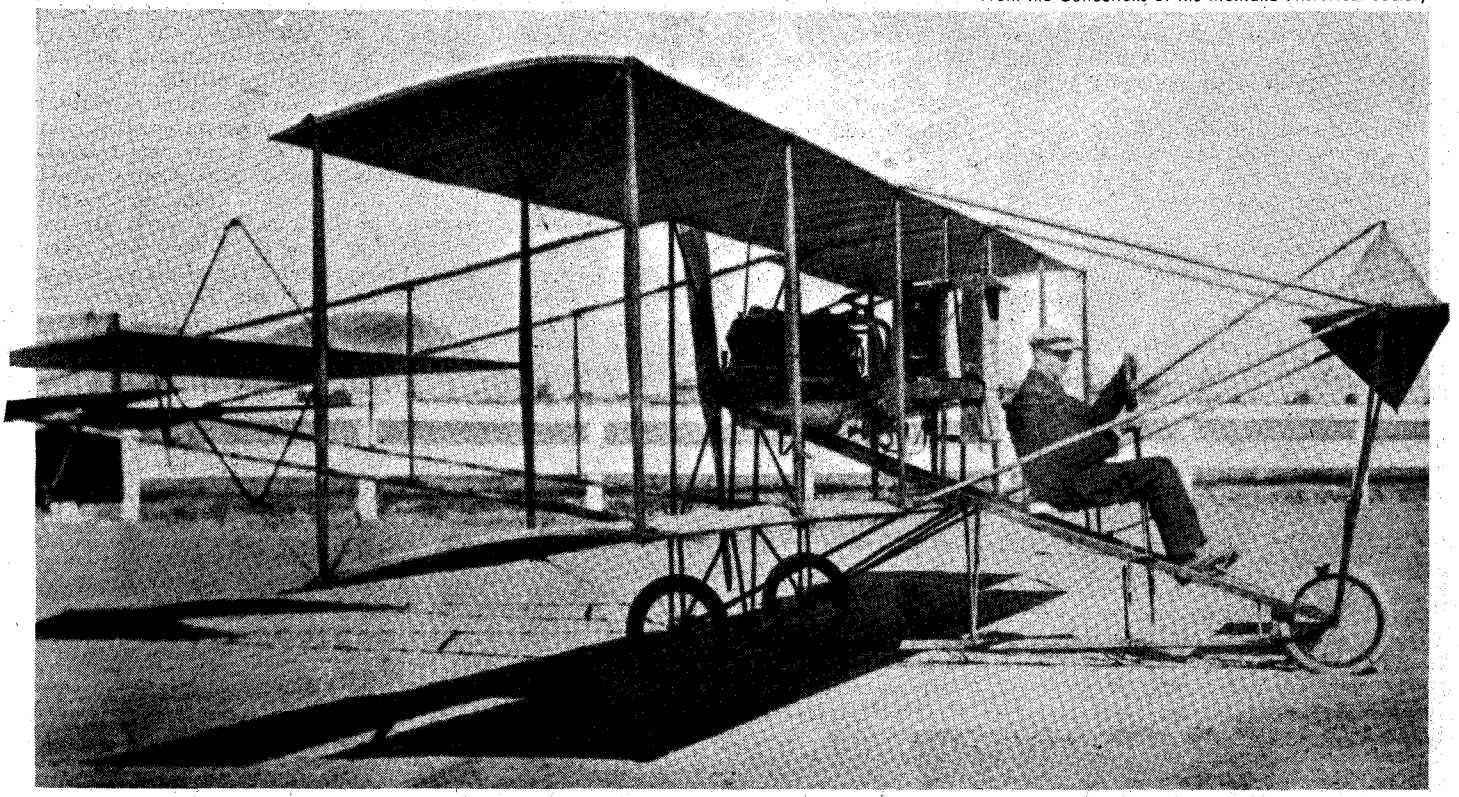
Cromwell Dixon at the controls of his bi-plane at the Helena Fairgrounds in 1911.

From the Collections of the Montana Historical Society



CROMWELL DIXON'S FATAL RIDE

- - He was a brave young eagle with canvas wings

By JEAN MICHAEL MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author

ON October 1, 1911 a Helena, Montana newspaper reported with pride: "Cromwell Dixon, a boy in years but one of the most daring aviators in the world, yesterday achieved the distinction of being the first man to fly across the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Dixon made a flight from the Montana State Fairgrounds at Helena to Blossburg, landed at Blossburg and sent a message, and then flew back to the Fairgrounds.

"In his flight over the backbone of the Continent, Dixon covered 35 miles and attained an altitude of a little over 7,000 feet.

"Dixon carried a letter from Governor Morris to the people of Blossburg congratulating them on the fact that their town was chosen to have a part in a feat that marks an epoch in the history of aviation."

The following day Spokane, Washington papers headlined the sequel to the young nineteen-year-old aviator's feat: "Dixon Falls to Death, City of Helena in Tears—Youthful Aviator Crashes to the Ground When Gust Catches Machine in Spokane."

Dixon had been performing at a Spokane fair, thrilling thousands of spectators with the spirals recently done at the Montana State Fair, when his machine suddenly encountered a treacherous air current. The little craft was unable to handle it.

THE BOY'S performance of September 30 had been a combination of professionalism and youthful exuberance. Leaving the ground in front of the Helena grandstand at 2 o'clock, Dixon had made a graceful dip and alighted on a sloping hillside about one-half mile from the Blossburg railway station at 2:34, thereby "completing one of the most notable flights the world has ever known" in the opinion of the local press.

The location of Blossburg(h) is shown on this 1888 map.

"It was about 2 p.m. when the machine left the ground. Dixon circled the racetrack once and headed north to gain altitude. Within less than 15 minutes he had reached an altitude of over 3,000 feet from the fairgrounds, or 7,000 feet above sea level.

"He then turned his machine due west,

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and guided by a smoke signal set by excited Blossburg residents who had kindled a big fire in order that the smoke might enable the aviator to maintain his direction, landed in an inclined mountain park nearby.

"He was soon out of sight and anxious moments were those in which thousands of spectators in the grandstand and on the bleachers waited word of Dixon's arrival at Blossburg."

As Blossburg had no telephone service, news of Dixon's successful landing was flashed to Helena by the Northern Pacific telegraph operator.

On the return trip to Helena, Cromwell Dixon reported he had had to fight a 30-mile wind and battled for nearly 20 minutes before he could rise out of the basin. He started from Blossburg at 3:16, and by 3:37 was topping the crest of the mountains.

A car of "mechanicians" then started for Helena. The exact time of the little plane's return to the fairgrounds isn't known but the details of Dixon's reception by the Governor and the ovation given by the thousands of spectators was recorded. He was welcomed by Governor Morris who proclaimed him the greatest aviator in the world. He was also acclaimed by Louis W. Hill, then president of the Great Northern Railway Company; Lewis Penwell, president of the Fair; and James A. Shoemaker, secretary of the Fair, and awarded a $10,000 prize which had been put up by aviation enthusiasts.

Visitors to the fair had been accorded "the marvelous spectacle of an aviator flying until he became a mere speck against the sky and then on and on until completely lost to sight. . . . The aviator was Cromwell Dixon, who at 19 years of age was said to be the youngest licensed air pilot in the world seen in the West."

After making some flights of four or five minutes duration, he suddenly astonished the crowds by heading north and disappearing. On his return, he reported he had flown 30 miles and had been aloft for 30 minutes.

DIXON had come to Helena under contract with Curtiss Aviation Company to perform exhibition flights according to records of Charles R. Brazier, publicity director of the 1911 Montana State Fair. Daily flights were made oven the Helena area with the Continental Divide flight as a finale.

Dixon was born in Columbus, Ohio, but reared in New York. He began his flying career at the age of fourteen when he built and flew a homemade dirigible at an Eastern fair. He was described as a quiet-mannered young man of slight build, about 5 feet 11 inches in height. During fair performances he wore regular clothing but when he flew over the mountains he wore an aviator's coat and woolen helmet.

A subscription list was circulated immediately after Dixon's death to secure funds for a suitable tablet to record his achievement. The bronze tablet commemorating the first time that a flying machine, heavier than air, had crossed the Continental Divide, was first placed at the gateway to the Montana State Fairgrounds at Helena but later moved to the airport. The machine with which the daring young flyer made history was a pusher type Curtiss bi-plane with wood struts and canvas wings.

One cannot help but wonder what Cromwell Dixon's contribution to aviation would have been, had he not met death at Spokane so tragically soon.

The Cuter

(Continued from page 18)

BEFORE Cuter reached his destination —an area covering probably one-fourth of Arizona Territory—he managed to divest himself of his mare and buggy, secure some proper cowhand apparel, a horse, and a Texas-type rim-fire saddle.

An old friend of Cuter's, George L. Mennet (a friend acquired after he arrived in Arizona), wrote me in 1971, some years after Cuter's death, that "the first time Newt went to Arizona it was mostly center-fire country."

The reference to rim-fire and center-fire have to do with the placement of the girth and cinches on the saddle. I gather that Arizona cowhands did not approve of a rim-fire saddle.

Mr. Mennet elaborated a bit on Cuter's initiation into the Arizona cowboy clan. Cuter had heard of a cow outfit whose wagon was camped near Camp Wood. In late afternoon he rode up to the wagon and easily secured work. He unsaddled near some big yellow pine trees. When Cuter crawled out of his sack next morning he found his Texas saddle securely anchored to one of those trees—as if it were too wild a rig to be allowed the chance to gallop off.

With absolutely no hint of displeasure, and with no comment whatever, Cuter spent a good twenty minutes freeing his saddle. He knew cowboy tricks and he could appreciate a good one.

When he came in that night he rode up to that pine, unsaddled, and anchored his saddle just about as securely as he had found it that morning. Reflecting on the incident in his 1971 letter, Mr. Mennet commented: "No one ever outmaneuvered the Cuter."

But Cuter *was* outmaneuvered once—and to the extent of my knowledge, only once. He had gone out to Arizona about 1907, and after a couple of years he decided it would be safe to make a brief visit to his McCulloch County home. The type of disguise, if any, that he affected is unknown. Whatever it may have been, it was not good enough to fool sharp-eyed Shorty Neil. Shorty penetrated it and Cuter lost his freedom at or near Midland, Texas.

He was picked up and returned to Brady, county seat of McCulloch, the county in which he was born and reared, and whose sheriff was still T. L. Sansom.

Cuter had many friends at Voca and making bond was no problem. He didn't come out totally unscathed, and he had to make a few unpleasant concessions, but soon he was again free to return to his adopted land—Arizona.

George Mennet indicated he knew many interesting things about Cuter Worrell, but on the off-chance of being misunderstood they were difficult to convey to a relative. I knew, of course, that most of Cuter's pranks had a faint tinge of larceny in them. Had they not had, I would not have had a life-time interest in him. Mr. Mennet, an old cowhand himself, suggested that if I were a cowboy, or thought like one, I would understand. Being a cowboy I believe that, on both counts, I qualify.

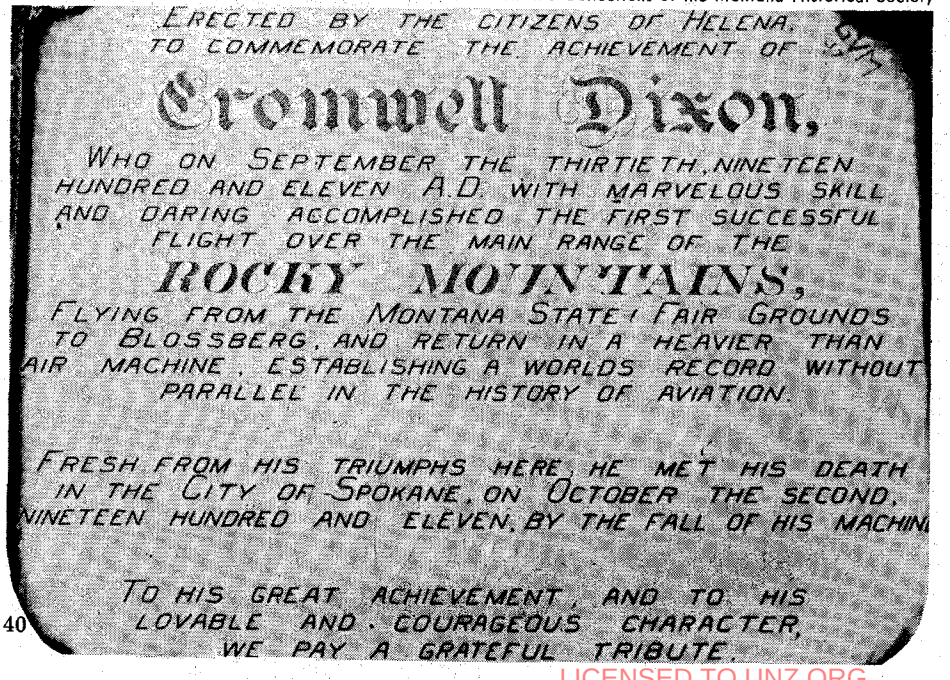
"I ALWAYS considered Newt as one of the finest men I ever knew," Mennet wrote. "He was smooth, and he didn't attempt to explain all facets in detail. If you couldn't jerk your own slack he just went on to more understanding company.

"Newt used to hang out on Burro Creek. Sometimes he just stayed there and sometimes he worked for Johnnie Loveless.

"You are right in saying Newt didn't have to be poor. There wasn't an outfit in Northern Arizona he couldn't have had

This plaque commemorating Cromwell Dixon's achievement is located at the Helena, Montana airport.

From the Collections of the Montana Historical Society



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Cuter Worrell in his later years.

the job of ramrodding. Johnnie Loveless offered to stake me to a place adjoining him on Burro Creek—nothing down. I am sure he made the same offer to Newt.

"The first time I saw Cuter he was camped out by the Seligman Stock Yards. He had a line-backed buckskin pony and a spotted red mule. I doubt if he had a dime but he had a line of credit at the old Arizona Mercantile that was good for anything from a new saddle to a ham. In fact he was taking care of some the boys that had gone broke and were waiting for the wagons to roll.

"Newt was real loose with his money when he had it. People took advantage of him, but he didn't seem to mind. He just got a kick out of being a good fellow.

"He was a 'prima donna' cowboy. The role had to be to his liking or he just didn't go out.

"When I first worked for the O R O, he was camping in town, and if someone was going in you would very often hear the remark, 'If you see old Cuter, slip him a couple bucks for me.'

"If he had twenty dollars he acted as if he would never see another poor day. He was a wit, a humorist, a philosopher and a comedian, and if you didn't look and listen, a lot of it was missed."

"Cuter couldn't cook a lick, so he did the wrangling and I took over the chuck foundry. He had the best hearing of any man I ever knew. We would be sitting out under the oak trees and Cuter would hold up his hand for silence. 'Someone coming,' he would say, and tell you if it was one rider or two.

"Wild burros would climb under the trap fence every night as there was a big water tank there and the feed was much better inside than out. I would never hear anything, but Cuter would say, 'Jacks coming in.' He could hear the vibrations in the wire running through the staples.

"He savvied a horse better than anyone I ever rode with, and always seemed to know when a horse was going to blow the packin'. Cuter would steer him out of the brush for you, or ride in front of him in such a way as to throw him off balance.

"He was a very good roper and he'd only spin his rope around about three times and let drive. He most always came up with a cow on it. You only got about one shot at a time in the kind of brush there, and those wild cattle didn't stay in the open any longer than they had to. He knew what a wild cow was going to do almost before she did it.

"He had an odd way with the Bull Durham. He would lay a cigarette paper flat in his hand and splash some tobacco in it. He'd roll it up in a catty-corner way and crimp the ends and never moisten the paper. It never seemed to come unraveled on him.

"We had a few drinking bouts one summer and fall, and old Cuter was a top hand with the tanglefoot—as he was with everything else he did.

"When the wagon pulled out that fall, Cuter took the remuda, and I think he was the best horse wrangler that ever came down the pike."

When Cuter returned to Arizona after his 1909 visit, that territory, soon to be a state, became his permanent home. He would return to Central Texas only occasionally to see his family and old friends.

On one of those rare visits Ed Spiller asked how come he had never married. Cuter replied that he had considered it; that he had even gone so far as to advertise for a wife once.

When he received a lot of replies from husbands wanting to give him their wives, he decided there must be hidden defects in the age-old institution and gave up the idea altogether.

THANKS!

to all of you who wrote (and are writing) me suggesting people to see on my ramble around the West. You might add **places** to see also. I see right now that I can't make them all in one trip. Will take two or three. In hot weather I'll hit the high country. Then when it gets cooler, I'll hit the lower trails. You sure sound interesting—as well as the characters you write about. I should have material from now on to keep a column going in all three magazines indefinitely. If I can't answer all your letters, I know you'll understand. I'd rather see you in person anyhow. Thanks again—and keep 'em coming in.

Best Wishes!
Joe "Hosstail" Small

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On that same visit one of Cuter's friends took him over to his old stamping grounds, Mason, Texas. It was to this town, when he was young and McCulloch County was dry and Mason was wet, that Cuter made frequent trips from Voca. He would tie his horse to the ancient oak tree which stood on the east side of the square beside the town well, and make the rounds of the saloons.

This time it was Christmas, and the old tree was glowing with lights. Cuter's friend pulled up near the venerable oak. For a long time Cuter sat and stared.

Finally he was heard to say, "Old Tree, old friend, you've seen me lit up many a time, but this is the first damn time I ever seen you lit up!"

CUTER continued to live and work in northwestern Arizona, but there were times he didn't work, nor did he want to. He would camp near one of the smaller towns in the area. Though not a heavy-buying customer, he was regular in his patronage of the local saloons.

There is a tale about Cuter's harassment of a certain saloon owner. It reveals an ingrained facet of Cuter's personality. The saloon I shall call the Black Jack; its owner Black Jack Smythe.

Black Jack was a good businessman, and his moderate prosperity had persuaded him he could do even better. He built a combination liquor emporium and restaurant.

The new Black Jack was a real eye-opener. The fixtures were shining. There were rotating, padded, black leather stools with short backs at the bar. There was a mirrored back bar, and the kitchen was largely of stainless steel. The building itself was of native stone, and there were large windows looking out on the street.

Mr. Smythe soon let it be known that he would neither solicit nor tolerate any cowboy trade—not during the summer tourist season or even in the off-season winter months. He had had a bit of minor inconvenience from over-enthusiastic young cowboys, and had decided he would have all the business he needed without them.

Cuter took Black Jack's edict concerning the cowboy trade as a personal affront, a manifestation of disrespect, and an open insult to his profession.

The Black Jack opened its doors, and tourists flocked in to enjoy the excellent food and stimulating refreshments. This immediate success filled the owner with joy. But trouble was on its way. A big back-country cowboy drifted into town. Known throughout the area as a real hell-raiser, he indulged in some heavy drinking and one morning found himself without funds.

The cowboy's loud and somewhat bad-tempered drinking behavior had made him unwelcome at every saloon he had patronized.

He hadn't tried the Black Jack when he ran into Cuter—by Cuter's arrangement, of course. The two of them sat on the board sidewalk across from the Black Jack. Cuter informed the big cowboy that if he would go into the Black Jack, slap the owner on the back and buy a drink, he would have a friend for life. Cuter advanced the cowboy a small loan to make it all possible.

Shortly a string of profanity hit Cuter's ears, followed by a rending crash and the tinkle of broken glass. Mr. Smythe himself landed on the sidewalk on the bosom of his pants.

A constable came on the run and joined Smythe as he re-entered the saloon. There was more profanity, more broken glass, and shortly both Black Jack and the constable were thrown out.

It took a while for reinforcements to be enlisted, and as Smythe and the constable waited, the big cowboy threw one of the bar stools into the back mirror. Eventually he was corraled, handcuffed fore and aft, and hauled off to the pokey.

But misinformed cowboys continued to call on Black Jack Smythe, slap him on the back and try to buy a drink. An occasional Indian would drift in from the canyon or up from the reservation. All were accosted by Cuter and given the "go down and slap old Jack on the back and buy a drink" routine. The result was numerous spittoon frolics that kept the owner in a very nervous state.

Cuter continued his campaign of harassment until someone tipped off Mr. Smythe as to the source of his troubles—and why.

It wasn't long until Cuter was drinking at the Black Jack Bar and having his meals there, too. And afterward at least one cowboy—by the name of Newton "Cuter" Worrell—was treated with great respect in this place that didn't solicit or need the dusty throats of ranch hands.

Newt spent some time in Prescott, Arizona. On occasion during the years he lived in that vicinity, he would saddle up, throw a pack on a second horse and head for Yuma, where his nephew Jack Neil lived. He always arrived unannounced and left in exactly the same manner. He would not stay in the home with the Neils, and only rarely would he eat at their table—preferring rather to throw his bedroll in a shed out back of the house and prepare his own meals.

On one occasion he complained to Jack Neil's son-in-law, Tom Bowman, that he needed some medicine. Tom drove him to Yuma's most modern drug store. Cuter looked the place over.

"Look at all them fancy signs and that shiny glass front and all them shelves of stuff," he commented. "And I'll bet that in all that passel of junk they don't have anything that would do a man a damn bit of good."

Cuter got out of Bowman's car, walked directly past the drug store and entered a liquor store nearby. There he purchased medication that had passed the test of time.

The pack horse pictures were made near Prescott, probably in late 1948 as Newt prepared for his last long horseback journey to Yuma. Within a short time after his return to Prescott he sold out—his saddle horse, his saddle and the pack-horse Roany.

The last seven years of Cuter's life were spent in Douglas. He lived in the Watts Hotel. When death came on June 24, 1959, his body was sent back to Voca. This trip there was no fast running pony, no laughter, no sheriff at his heels; my favorite cowboy had grown old.

An Old Man's Three Treasures

(Continued from page 15)

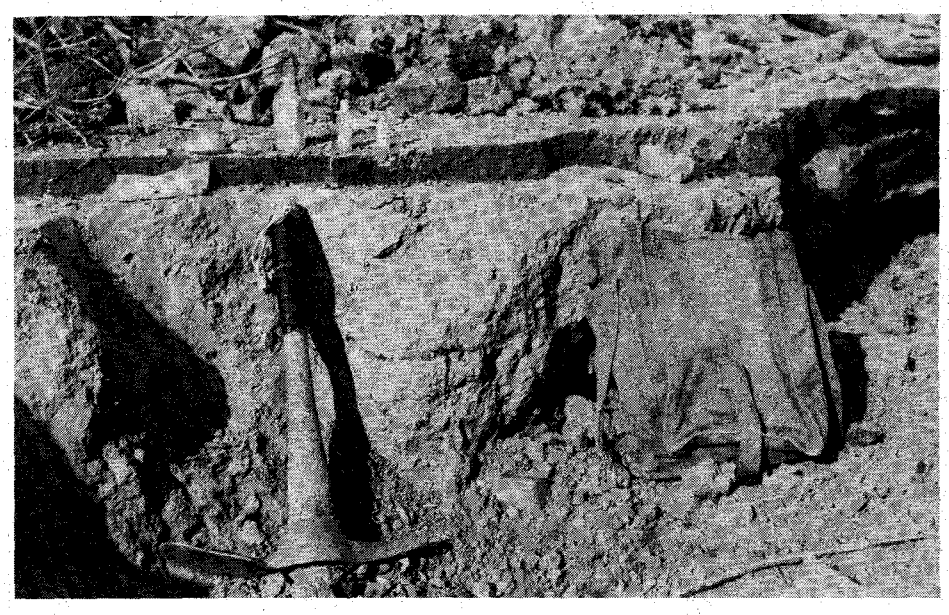
filled all the old buildings with furniture, parts of old cars, newspapers, bottles, tools, bric-a-brac, and the surrounding acres with automobiles, some of which were vintage vehicles.

After his death in January 1974 an inventory disclosed approximately 98 vehicles strewn over the five-plus acres. This was treasure number one. Combined with the junk they brought a little more than $90,000 at auction.

Treasure number two was the townsite which was appraised at $32,000 an acre, now awaiting a buyer.

Treasure number three was found buried beneath three inches of asphalt which covered a half-acre dump area formerly used by the old Chinese residents.

Two opium bottles and a smaller medicine bottle found at the Chinatown dump.



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Today and for the past several years several avid treasure seekers have been digging up hundreds of turn-mold wine and liquor bottles, and opium bottles of various types and shapes. Also in the dump were medicine and brandy bottles, buttons, glass beads, and pieces of hand-painted porcelain dishes and spoons. The best of the discards, however, are the tiger jugs and herb jugs with spouts coated with a shiny brown glaze similar to that made since the Sung Dynasty and believed to be non-exportable now. Some U. S. coins and Chinese copper coins were also found.

The lighter green glassware, including medicine and opium bottles, is quite distinctive with a beautiful coating similar to abalone shell. Perhaps an occasional fire at the dumps added this premium.

This singular "ghost town" treasure in the midst of a city of 150,000 people, was a well kept secret among a half-dozen or so fortune hunters.

With the death of George Wong, reminders of the celestial world vanished almost overnight. Gone were the hulks of delapidated autos which had provided shelter for peacocks, chickens, skunks, rats, mice and opossum.

Many birds enjoyed the corn and grain George kept in various cars for their benefit. When he would leave his trailer-house, in his ubiquitous white shirt, they would flock around him as though he were an apostle about to go forth among his disciples. On moonlit evenings a pair of grey foxes would cavort amid the tombstones on the adjoining cemetery lawn. They, too, made their home in Chinatown, in the brushy foliage beneath a pepper tree.

One of George's business ventures, a small restaurant named Bamboo Garden, was recently gutted by fire. Set in clumps of bamboo thickets it served Canton cuisine and was patronized by Chinese friends and the more adventurous Riverside residents. It is now a blackened circle of ashes.

Today a quiet sadness has settled over the whole of George Wong's domain.

Dave Walker—Long on Nerve

(Continued from page 8)

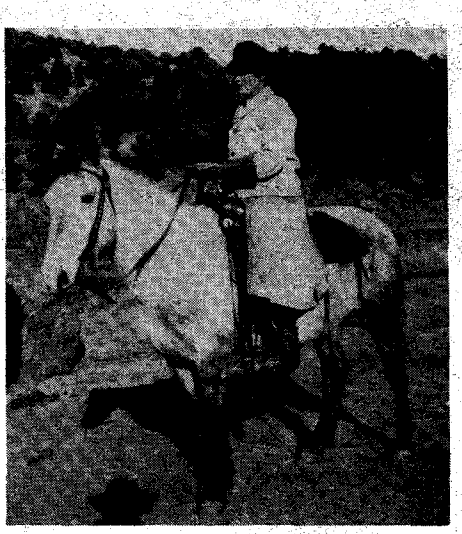
get some wood to make a fire so we can brand this calf." We carried rings on our saddles all the time so we could brand calves whenever and wherever we found them.

DAVE had a winter horse called "Prickey." Dave had won him from Tom McQuade a few years before. Prickey had been Tom McQuade's special mount and one day on roundup Tom got to bragging about the horse to Dave.

Dave told him, "Hell, this little horse I'm riding can outrun Prickey easily." Dave was riding a little horse called Lightfoot, that weighed only about 740 pounds.

Dave said, "I'll bet my horse against your horse. The winner gets the loser's horse." Tom agreed to the bet.

They had a race right then and there. When Dave's horse outran Tom's horse, Dave made Tom pull the saddle off and hand over the horse.



Laura Huntley on Keeno. This is the girl that Paul rode so far to see.

Lightfoot was gone when I was there. Dave had run him before—he sure thought a lot of that little Lightfoot. I often wonder what would have happened that day if Dave had lost. But Dave hardly ever lost at anything he tried to do.

I was working for Johnny Murray at his ranch at Parkdale, twelve miles west of Canon City. The ranch is right where Currant Creek flows into the Arkansas River.

Dave had only one hired man part-time. He did hire a cook and a horse wrangler on the roundups. In the spring his wagon started at Three Mile as a lot of the other wagons did. It took a real tough hand to stay with him.

Cattle drifted out of the upper country to the lower hills around Canon City, if there was a lot of snow. Three Mile, west of Canon City, is where the cattle drifted and gathered. Before 1900 cattle often drifted half-way to Pueblo. Between there and Canon City is a real good winter range and there the cattle stopped as well as in the hills.

The fall roundup started in Poncha Park as the cattle would stay in the high country all summer, and winter too, if the snowfall was light.

EARLY in the spring of 1912 a man named Ed Tunnison shot and killed his neighbor, whose name was Anstey. Ed had a mine near Whitehorn. Bob Allen lent him money to work it.

Anstey had been looking after Ed's few cattle and on the roundup there was a mistake made by branding one of Tunnison's calves for Anstey. Anstey was not to blame for this but Tunnison blamed him for it. One thing led to another and Anstey was hard to get along with.

Dave Walker told me that during one of those hard winters Anstey had a stack of rye hay he wanted to sell for an outrageous price. Rye hay is a sorry feed anyway and Walker refused to buy it. Anstey reported Walker to the humane society for starving his cattle to death. They gave Walker a bad time for a while. He told them, "If you want to feed the cattle I will pay for it."

Tunnison and Anstey lived in Gribble Park, about fifteen miles west of Walker's ranch. Around there was where a lot of cattle died. The reason so many cattle died—both winters—was an early two-foot snow. The sun came out, melted the top snow, but this formed a hard crust on top of the snow that the wind couldn't penetrate. On the west side of the long ridges running off Black Mountain, snow was usually swept off at least half of the grass so cattle could get to it during the winter. Cattle cannot paw down and get grass from under snow as horses can.

A big part of Walker's cattle drifted out into the lower hills and these lived. I was working for John Murray those two winters and I saw many cattle there. Antelope came down out of the high country, too.

The spring of 1912 Anstey went over on the edge of Tunnison's land to a seep spring. Anstey was making a ditch from the spring to carry the water over to his own adjoining land. Of course Anstey had no right to do this.

Ralph Staggs was working for Tunnison. At that time Tunnison was away working his mine and came home only on weekends. Ralph told him about what was going on and they went over there and told Anstey to stay away from the spring. Anstey just laughed at him; he thought he could run over Tunnison. That was where he made a mistake. Tunnison told him he was "going home to get my gun." He added that if Anstey was still there when he got back, "I will kill you." Anstey did not believe this.

When Ralph and Tunney (Tunnison's nickname) came back they were driving a team and spring wagon. Tunney got out with his .30-30 and shot at Anstey who had gone behind his team. The first shot hit one of the horses in the leg and broke the bone. Anstey started to run and Tunney shot and killed him.

After the first shot Ralph Staggs told Tunney, "You are shooting too low."

Tunney went to Canon City, the county seat, and gave himself up to the sheriff, told him what had happened and why and how. They put Tunney in jail without bond. Ralph Staggs was not held and he went back to the ranch.

Tunney had borrowed money from Bob Allen of Cripple Creek to work his mine. Allen had a loan and mortgage on Tunney's property. Dave Walker and other cattlemen helped Tunney hire one of the best lawyers in the county, a General Maupin. Tunney was not convicted.

Witnesses testified to all the things Anstey had done just to devil Tunney.

Tunnison didn't return to his ranch; he just let Bob Allen have it. A short time later Tunnison went to South America and never came back.

Bob Allen lived on the ranch the rest of his life. He developed those springs into several good fish ponds.

I WAS coming from Canon City with Bob Allen about the first day of July 1912 to stay at his ranch until I could find a job. I'd work for him just for my board. I was nineteen.

I had been working off and on for

(Continued on page 46)

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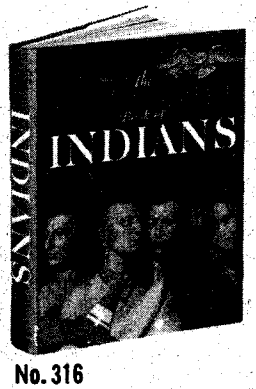

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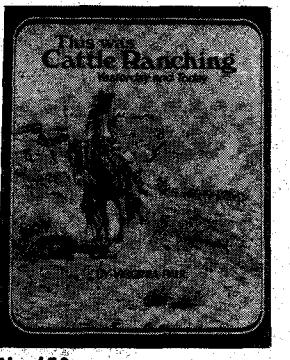

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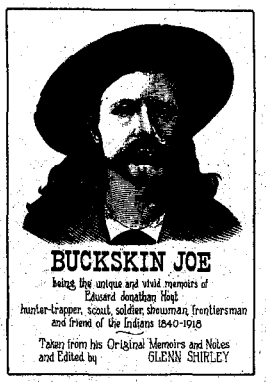

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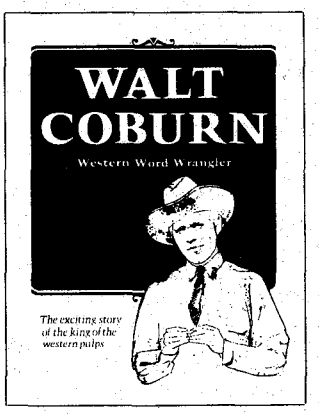

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(Continued from page 43)
John Murray since 1907 for $15 a month. I thought I'd become a pretty good cowboy and wanted to get a little better job or more money. I had ridden the roundup that spring, part of the time for my board. I sure wanted to ride the fall roundup and if I got my board doing that, it was fine with me.

We were going through Poncha Park when we met Dave Walker, and stopped to talk. I had seen Dave on the roundups but he did not remember me. Allen told him I was looking for a job. Dave asked me a few questions and then said, "I'll be putting up hay soon. You can start anytime you want to for $30 a month."

I went on with Bob Allen, stayed all night, then went to Walker's the next day. I had a good, nearly new, Flynn saddle; a .30-30 carbine; maybe a change of clothes; that was all. I rode one of Allen's horses to the Walker place.

I'm sure Dave Walker intended to use me only until the hay was put up. But after we finished haying he said, "If you want to stay on—if you can cook, make biscuits—you can work all winter for $30 a month."

I was glad to get the job. Mrs. Walker and the children, two girls and a boy, had to go back to town when school started the first of September. I had never done much cooking when I was growing up, but I had stayed alone on a homestead. Dave showed me how to make biscuits with sour cream for shortening. "I never eat cold bread," he said.

He never had a loaf of baker's bread in his house his whole life. He always ate hot biscuits. After telling me he never ate cold bread he did say he would eat warmed-over biscuits. I was anxious to please, and got along fine with him.

Charlie Walker, Dave's son, who was about eleven years old at the time, helped me milk until he went off to school. After the family went to town we just kept two cows.

During the summer I slept in a little log bunkhouse, but after the family went to town I moved in to the big house. Part of the house had two stories and we shut that part off when it started to get cold. We used two rooms and a storeroom and got by without using too much wood.

Dave was gone about half of the time while his family was in town. He had eight or ten ewes and the meanest old ram I ever saw. I had never seen sheep before, and the first time I milked by myself that old ram was in the corral. I had just gotten up from milking a cow. I had about a gallon of milk in a pail in one hand, and the milking stool in the other.

I noticed that the old ram was sticking out his tongue and sort of backing up, but didn't understand his message. The first thing I knew he was charging at me with his head down. We were in the middle of the corral and he was about to get me. I hit him with the milking stool while backing toward the gate. I didn't get far when he was at me again. That time I hit him on the head with my bucket, milk and all, and got out of there.

Later that winter we met again. Between two sheds there was a lane about twelve feet wide and a hundred feet long with a gate at each end. One day I came home, riding the horse that I worked and also rode. The gate was shut at one end of the lane and that old ram was lying close by. I thought to myself, "Now, I'll get even with that old s-o-b."

I took my rope down and was going to give him a good working over. I took after him, whipping him with my rope. About the second time I ran him to the end of the lane he turned back and ran between my horse's front legs. Of course he couldn't get through there but he upset my horse and I fell off. I got up but didn't lose any time getting out of there. He didn't bother me after that—and I gave him a good letting alone too.

Branding calves on the Wilson Creek Ranch. Roy Bert was doing the roping, while Dud Van Buskirk handled the iron.

DAVE WALKER had a lot of real good saddle horses. After he sold the bulk of his cattle he quit putting out a roundup wagon, but he would take ten or more saddle horses on a roundup, mount some young cowboy on one of his real good horses, and that cowboy would work harder looking after Walker's cattle than if he was being paid five dollars a day. He did this instead of hiring a man for the roundup.

That fall I had to be at the home ranch to do the chores. I rode on the roundup only when it was near the ranch.

It was to start about the first of October and Dave told me if he was gone I was to shoe the saddle horses so they would be ready to go.

He was gone and didn't come back, so a day or so before roundup was to start I got ten saddle horses into the corral one morning and started shoeing them.

I didn't know much about the horses. When I had worked for John Murray at his ranch we had to shoe all of our horses because the country we rode was so rocky. We had malleable shoes that could be made to fit a horse's foot cold on arrival.

I supposed these had to be shod—that is, I thought Walker would want all of the saddle horses for the roundup shod, so I started in on them. I put a saddle on a horse, then if I could pick up his feet I did that. Some of the horses would fight so I had to tie a foot up to the saddle horn. If they fought hard then they would fall down and then I would hog tie all their legs. I got them all shod by night.

My legs trembled I was so tired. I could hardly milk the cows, get supper and go to bed.

The next day Dave came home and asked me if I got the horses shod. I told him I had. When we got them in for him to go on the roundup he said, "You shod them all?" I said "Yes." Then he said, "You shod horses that have never been shod before. Up here it is not so rocky that we have to shoe all of the horses!"

After Dave sold all of his cattle, about 2,000 head at $40 each he waited until the spring of 1912 and then went to El Paso, Texas. There he met a big rancher from south of the border. His ranch was about 300 miles down into Mexico.

That was the year Pancho Villa was trying to overthrow the Mexican government and this rancher knew if that happened he would lose his ranch and cattle. He was anxious to sell and this was the kind of deal Walker was looking for. He made a deal to buy the cattle, about 2,000 head, for $8.00 a head. The calves were to be thrown in extra. However, Walker had to go down there and help gather and then load the cattle on the train. That was one of the reasons he could get them at such a low price.

Dave went down and helped get the cattle together. He ordered an entire train of cars, to be at a loading place at a certain time. I have forgotten how long it took to get the cattle rounded up. Dave told me that the better cattle were up in the mountains so it took longer to get them.

The Mexican cowboys were afraid to go up in the mountains because of the Yaqui Indians. He said one time they were up there, they were sleeping in an old adobe house. The windows were open, so were the doors. Along in the night they heard someone coming on a horse. There were about a dozen of them asleep

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on the floor. Dave said it was dark. Everyone had a gun and when they heard the horse walking they all cocked their guns. Dave lay close to the ground. They waited—but it was just one of the bunch who had gone somewhere and was coming back.

Finally they got the cattle gathered. The loading pens were a sorry sight. Two were of poles and the rest were wire pens strung together along the track.

Dave had to pay the cowboys for the cattle and the only way they had to count them was as they went up the loading chute into the cars.

By that time Pancho Villa was losing out. It looked like he was beaten, and the ranch owner was sorry he had sold his cattle so cheap. Every time the engine moved up to spot a car, calves would crawl through the wire fence and the men Walker was paying just let them go. They knew they would get them after Walker was gone. This made Walker mad, for the cattle owner was trying his best to cheat Walker through the counting.

Dave carried a six-shooter. He stuck the gun in the former owner's belly and told him he'd better straighten out or he'd be the first Mexican to die.

I asked Dave what he would have done if he had shot the owner. He said there were two white men running the engine and he would have made them cut the engine off and "we would have headed for the United States."

When Dave got to El Paso he found he had thirty-six more cattle than he had paid for. Not many men would have the guts to go down there, or anywhere, with $20,000 on his person—300 miles down into Mexico. Dave was long on nerve.

He sold all of these cattle except about seventy head of the old cows, and made a nice profit.

DAVE had a school section leased over on the head of Three Mile Creek. He'd put part of these old cows there, about 30 or 40 head, in October. Dave and Lige Hammond, a neighbor, and I went over there to bring the cows home.

They were the wildest, craziest cows I ever saw. There were lots of aspen patches and pines around the pasture. We would find seven or eight head and when they saw us they started running as fast as they could. We ran them down against a fence in a little open space. Dave left Lige there to hold them, then we would go hunt up some more and by the time we ran them around to where we left Lige and the others, where they were supposed to be, the first bunch had gotten away. After half a day of this we went home without a cow.

About a month before this Dave and I went over to this pasture. We did not see a single cow, but Dave said they were fine. I asked him "How do you know they are fine?" He said because the piles of manure were big. If they were small and hard that would show that the cattle were not doing very well.

Dave never went back; he just left them there. They all died before spring. I guess Dave figured if he couldn't get them out of there it was their own fault and served them right.

The rest of the old cows we kept around the corrals and yard by the house. In January it got 30 degrees below zero every night for a couple of weeks. Those old cows were shorthaired and at night they got close together and close to the cabin. I could hear their big horns bumping against the cabin and every morning there would be two or three lying with their head around on their sides frozen as stiff as a rock, but that was the end of their misery. They all died before the grass got green. I guess the poor devils just gave up.

The year 1912 was the year of the short summer. A big snow fell on June 14 and 15. It was four to five inches deep on the lawns in Canon City and two feet deep in the hills west of the town. Hundreds of cattle died from eating green scrub oak. Their leaves froze when the snow slipped off them the first night after the snow stopped falling.

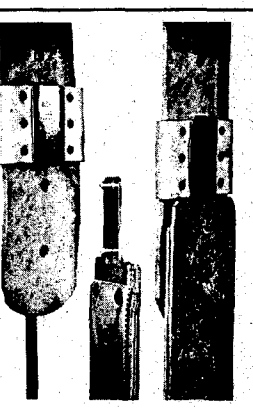
I had not been to town since I had gone up there to work for Walker. It was fair time or "Apple Day," as they called it. I had a girl in Canon City that I thought a lot of. Her name was Laura Giem and I was anxious to see her. Dave told me to turn the calves with the cows, get my saddle horse and help Gerald Rice take some horses to the show.

Gerald Rice was the foreman of the Stirrup Ranch three or four miles west of the Walkers. This was about the 12th of September. We were down there until the 15th when the show was over. It was turning cold that last day. The next day it started raining and we were taking the horses back home. I stayed with my girl friend's family while we were down there. When Gerald and I got about half way home we got in the snow and it was really snowing hard by that time. The next morning the snow was two feet deep on the level ground.

What hay was out—that is what we hadn't cut—was smashed flat by the weight of the snow. There were three homesteaders who were not on or near Cottonwood Creek. A Mr. Miller lived about the middle of the south side of Black Mountain in an open sort of gulch. He raised good spuds. I never knew him but I knew his two step-sons, Ralph and Harry Staggs.

The Beeler family lived in the head of Long Gulch. It started on the southeast side of Black Mountain. The post office was there for quite a while. The last homesteader was two miles or so north of the Walker ranch. Then on the south side about two miles farther on was Walter Black's ranch. He was an old-timer; had two boys, Frank and Clyde. Clyde is ninety-one. Both were good cowboys, they could ride almost any horse.

IT WAS pretty lonely staying there on the ranch in November and December. I never complained, but a day or two before Christmas Walker told me, "If you want to go down to see your girl for a few days over Christmas, you can go. I can get Frank Black to take care of things here while you are gone."



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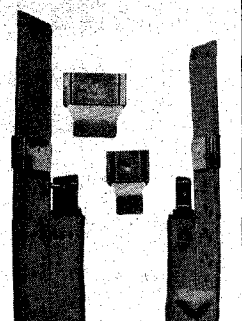

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Boy, was I ever glad to get to do this. I had saved all of my wages. I drew part of what I had coming and bought a nice locket with a small diamond in it as a present for Laura for Christmas. She still has that locket.

I was down there about a week staying with her folks. During that time I nearly forgot about my job. Then one day Dave came over there and asked me, "Do you want to go back to the ranch?"

I said, "Sure I do." I had kept my saddle horse there all this time.

It really started getting cold after New Years. Dave did not stay up at the ranch much. Maybe we would come in late from riding all day. I would make a fire and start getting supper. As soon as the water was hot Dave would get a glass and fill it about a third full of whiskey then fill it up with hot water—and drink this. He had been cold, and sort of frozen all day. When he rode, his pants and underwear worked up on his legs, his socks worked down to his shoe tops, leaving about five or six inches of bare leg exposed. Those parts on both legs turned blue by afternoon, or earlier if it was real cold.

I would be getting supper. We never took a lunch. About once a week after Dave drank his hot toddy and got warm he would say, "Well, I guess I will go to town." He never said when he was coming back. After I fed the cattle I cut parts out of big dead pine trees and split them up. I did this on a hill back of the ranch house. I never knew if Dave found them or not.

When we came in from riding, it was usually dark by the time I had started the fire and had the water hot. Dave drank his hot toddy and then said he guessed he would go to town. It was thirty-five miles to Canon City. One time I asked him, "Why don't you go to town in the daytime?" He said, "I don't want those old women down on the creek to know when I am going."

He never waited to eat, and he hadn't had anything to eat since early morning. It would be at least four, maybe five hours before he could get to town.

For a while he kept his car down at the Hodges' ranch, some twelve miles down the creek. He would ride down there, then drive that National auto to town, but I think he was scared stiff of that car.

There were too many deep snow drifts to keep his car up at the ranch during the winter. Those days no one scraped the snow out of the roads. Anyway, the wind blew most of the time and would blow the snow back into the road if it had been scraped out.

ZAN MONROE worked at the Colorado Auto Company. I believe they had sold Walker his car. He had Zan drive it for him a lot of the time. If the road was open Dave would call Zan and have him bring the car up to the Hodges' place. Then Dave left his horse there while Zan drove the car to town. Dave usually stayed in town three or four days. When he came up to the ranch he often had a pair of pants hanging down from the saddle horn, one leg on each side of the saddle. The bottoms of the legs were tied at the knees and he'd have a quart of whiskey in each leg.

We did have a phonograph, but very few papers or magazines. We got mail once in a while. It was not so lonesome when Dave was there—he would tell me about everybody around the country, how honest they were, or not, a lot of things I would not dare, or want to put down on paper.

In late October Dave said, "Tomorrow we will ride over west of Black Mountain."

"Why not take my .30-30? We might see a deer," I said.

The next day he put the gun on his saddle. We got over there about eight miles and came out into a little park, and there stood a nice buck about a hundred yards away. Dave got off his horse, got down the .30-30 and pulled down on the buck. But he didn't shoot and after a bit the deer ran off.

I asked Dave why he didn't shoot. "Well," he said, "I got to thinking. If I shoot and kill that buck we'll have to dress him out and pack him home. Then I won't get done what I started out to do today."

How many men would have thought that way with a nice fat buck in their sights?

One time when he came out from town he told me "Those s-o-bs have been driving my car but I'll catch them if they drive it this time while I'm gone."

I asked him how he would do it. Dave told me, "I put a postage stamp on the tire under the back fender and it had better be there when I go to town—and be clean, too." I don't remember what happened about that. I just know Dave Walker was strong on nerve.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 29)

WHITCOMB must have given a great deal of thought to his wife's feelings. However strong his desire that Kate and their children go with him to Cheyenne, he offered Kate the choice of going back to her people or staying with him.

"If you wish, I will outfit you and the children with all the necessities and plenty of ponies to transport you to your tribe," he said, "but I hope you will choose to stay with me. If you do, it means you will have to give up wearing moccasins and your blanket. Your life and that of the children will be different. I will help you make the adjustment."

Kate thought seriously about the decision she had to make. She weighed the carefree life she had against the confines of the life of the white woman. After considerable debate with herself she announced to Whick in her mixture of Sioux, English, and French, "I go to my people. Take children and ponies."

It was with a heavy heart that Whick checked the packs and said goodbye to her and the children. He watched his family until they disappeared from sight. After they were gone, he started preparing for the move to Cheyenne.

Kate must have speculated about the future as she rode eastward. Near evening she met a Sioux hunting party. There were cheerful greetings among Kate and her friends and relatives.

That night Kate told of her choice to return to the tribe for the remainder of her life. The others listened and then told her that life for them no longer was good. Game was scarce and white men were so many they could not be stopped. Everything was changing. "Go back," they urged. "You are better off to take up the ways of the white man." Kate felt the depression and hopelessness that pervaded her people.

In the morning she saddled her ponies, gave each one of her three daughters a hug and said, "We go home." When she arrived at Whick's camp she said, "You keep ponies, Whick. I stay with you." The choice had been made.

To help Kate and the children adjust to their new surroundings, Whick hired a tutor. Kate had a quick mind. She learned to read and write, to dress in the white way, and to manage servants. Her manners became flawless.

At a time when most people thought "the only good Indian was a dead Indian," Kate must have taken some rebuffs from Cheyenne's white society, but gradually she was invited to more and more of the social gatherings.

Kate became known for her graciousness and kindness, though she did maintain some of her Indian mannerisms. She was considered a stoic by her contemporaries.

The Whitcombs' finances took a turn for the worse during the blizzard of 1886-1887. Then in 1892, Whick got involved in the Johnson County War. He was not a willing participant but believed he would be letting his friends down by

Kate Whitcomb

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department.

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backing out. That war and the losses suffered in the blizzard finished W. E. Whitcomb. The family left Cheyenne and moved to a ranch on the Belle Fourche River in Crook County near Morecroft. Here Kate and Whick spent the remainder of their lives. Kate probably was happy to return to the freedom that ranch life provided.

OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL

By Lyo Lee
As told to Eve Ball

REUBEN WRIGHT, though less than three years my senior, is my uncle. We were raised together and shared two loves—hunting and singing.

Almost every ranch family in Texas had an organ and a guitar. Some had fiddles and banjos; and almost everybody played by ear. I must have been half-grown before I ever heard of notes or learned that music can be written. Reuben had great aptitude for music and, with no training in harmony, could improvise tenor and bass accurately.

I think I must have been about fourteen when a neighbor told us that a singing school was to be held at Bethel, a nearby community. The singing master offered a two-weeks' course, with nightly sessions, for a dollar and a half. That sounded pretty steep, but Reuben and I sold some skunk hides and enrolled.

That course of instruction was the best investment I ever made. Reuben felt the same. I wonder if any two people ever received more satisfaction for their time and money than we did.

We learned the notes. They were not oval shaped, but each was designated by a different form as follows: Do, a triangle; Re, a half-circle; Me, a diamond; Fa, a half-diamond; Sol, a circle; La, a square; Ti, a triangle with a long horizontal side. We learned to sing them to the tune, Middle C up—on the organ. Then we skipped notes for the ones forming the chord Do, Me, Sol, Do.

We picked them out on the organ and the guitar. We had previously learned chords, so it all came easily.

When the session ended at Bethel the instructor announced that he would open another course the following Monday at Shiloh. We attended that session, and also a third at Locker. All for a half dollar each!

WE BEGAN picking out melodies from notes. If someone knew the tune, that came easily. And we did know numerous tunes such as Arkansas Traveler, Irish Washerwoman, Devil's Dream, Skip to My Lou, etc.

We made the raise of a second-hand fiddle. Reuben rapidly acquired skill in sawing it. And we added Bud, my younger brother, with the "git-tar." We began playing for dances and got real money for it, too.

Both Reuben and Bud had very good voices, and immodest though it is to say so, mine wasn't bad. So when we found a bass viol with a cowboy who could saw it, we had a real orchestra.

The quartet's singing promoted our being in demand to play for dances, and we became so well known that we were invited to sing at Fort Worth at the Fat Stock Show. At last we felt that we had arrived. And what's more, we were well paid; at least for that time we were.

We got twenty-five dollars a week a-piece! Of course, we had some expenses out of that, but we slept in our bedrolls with the rest of the cowboys, and we got most of our meals free.

The chuckwagon served coffee, sourdough biscuits, and barbecue all day long. There was no charge. All cowboys and ranchers expected to be fed there, and were. Others, I'm sure, also shared in the management's hospitality.

Bud had practiced for years to imitate the crowing of a rooster. He did it so realistically that it always stopped the show. And after one verse of Old McDonald Had a Farm, he would let out with a crow that packed the space around the platform where we performed.

We could not depend upon our musical ability for a steady income, so we cowboyed much of the time. When we could get a night's engagement our employers were generous in letting us off. And when occasionally we had a singing job for a week, they were equally charitable.

All our lives it has been a source of satisfaction and pleasure to us, though I can't say it is remunerative. And I often wish that every child who loves music might have the kind of training that the old-time singing school provided.

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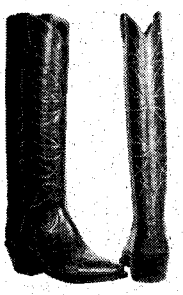
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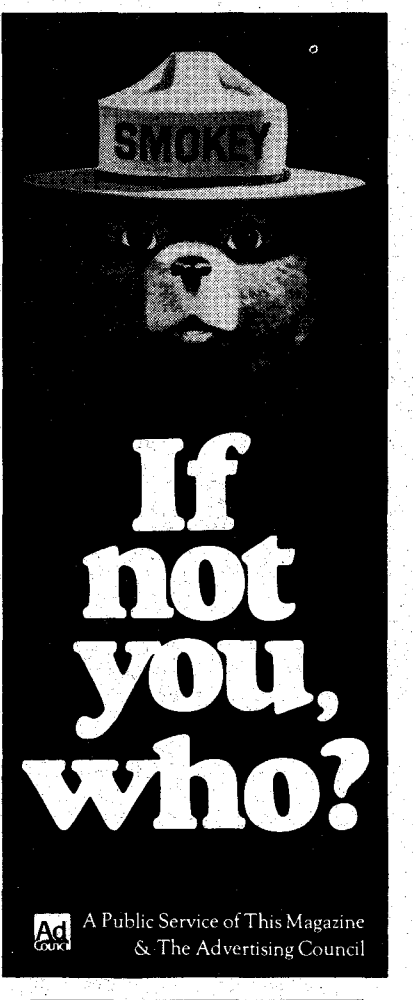

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deeds of brave men. Yet there are daily instances of heroism performed by these oily heroes that would eclipse even the most daring deeds of war. Let us give an indulgent ear to his companion, his confidant, within that 5x8 box, the cab—we mean the fireman, that hard-worked, poor-paid seeker after scientific knowledge. Beginning at an age when youth is ambitious he, despising the tame life of clerk, abhorring the idea of being a loafing nonentity and laughing at anticipated danger, begins his years of probationary slavery. So severe is the trial those ambitious men undergo, that not one out of ten attains his object.

"Upon the fireman depends our rate of speed. His eye must be alert, for often he detects danger where the engineer sees none. He is also heedless of his life, as he runs out at full speed upon a slippery running board to oil the valves.

"The brakeman is seen, but rarely known. Among those young men are many who are struggling against a hard fate; who are brave and ambitious, who seek for means of life at the peril of life and limb; yet these men are killed or crippled by the dozens. Many die or are crippled who leave old parents or a young wife destitute by their misfortune.

"A complaint is often made that they as a class are rough, dishonest, dirty or exclusive. In reply to the first, we would say their life is rough and though in manners they are bluff and blunt, at heart they are sound. A few may be dishonest, but do not let us condemn them all. Dirty they may be on duty but never when off. Exclusive they are not.

"Let the people but meet this class of men halfway, and quit this tabooing them for their occupation's sake!"—*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas*

The Peculiarities of Sam Smith

(Continued from page 13)

was still shooting when Rice reached the timber.

The next day Rice went to see Sam and the shooting was never mentioned. Perhaps Sam did not remember his threat, but he had really entertained Rice and they remained friends.

MANY of the people of Sumpter Valley were good to Sam in his advanced years and poverty, always seeing that he had some provisions. Each Christmas and Thanksgiving one or more neighbors would take him a dinner with all the trimmings, and some canned goods or bacon and ham thrown in for good measure.

The Chris Hansen family probably did more for Sam than anyone else. They took him food and Mrs. Hansen kept his clothes clean and in repair.

Sam was not really a profane man, but in his compliments to anyone he only knew one way to express himself. Mrs. Hansen baked a big three-layer cake, and instructed her daughter Martha, who was only eight years old, and her brother Norman, who was six, to take it over to Sam. They carried the cake on horseback, Martha riding her roan pony Patty, and Norman on his old white mare Dusty. They got to Sam's with the cake intact and Martha gave it to him. Sam put his arm around Martha and said, "Martha, you are the best little s-o-b that ever was!"

This hurt Martha's feelings, and she was crying when she and Norman reached home. It took her mother and father quite some time to make Martha realize that it was Sam's way of saying thank you, and his way of expressing that he really liked her. When Sam was pleased, this was his favorite compliment.

When the old man's cabin and all his possessions burned down, leaving him with nothing but the clothes he was wearing, the Hansen family was the first to come to his aid. They took him to their home and gave him the bunkhouse to sleep in and served his meals at the table. However, this did not last long. Though Sam was uncouth, he had pride.

One house remained on the abandoned homestead. The Hansen family and others rounded up a stove, a bed, mattress and blankets, and some food, and Sam resumed his life of trying to be self-supporting.

Everyone worried about him, for it was apparent he no longer was capable of taking care of himself properly; also during our winters, he could easily freeze to death.

Baker County operated a home for the old and destitute. The occupants received good balanced food, clean beds and clothes, and as a bonus the county gave each resident ten dollars each month to spend as he pleased.

Chris Hansen and Pete Rokne tried every angle they could think of to influence Sam to go to this home, but again pride stood in the way and he refused to go. However, Chris finally got him to accept the ten dollars the county allowed, whether the poor person was in the home or not, and this along with many others giving Sam food and clothing, he managed to remain in his old cabin until he was near eighty years old.

Sam had many convictions concerning the universe. I, and others, would at times get him to express his opinion as to the shape of the world. To get his opinion in positive terms, we would say we did not see how the earth could be round, and Sam would become real enthusiastic in explaining that the world was flat. He would give just a little and say it could be round one way, but any damn fool could see it was flat on top. We always left Sam feeling real good, as he thought he had the issue finally settled, and had brought us over to his point of view.

In his eightieth year everyone, except Sam, knew he could not spend another winter in his cabin. My brother Wallace tried to convince Sam that he should go to the hospital, and Sam replied, "I would go if I thought they would kill me."

Wallace told him if he went to the hospital, he probably would live only three days; then Sam changed his mind and said he would stay where he was.

Chris Hansen and Pete Rokne made one last effort and were successful. Chris and Pete cleaned Sam up and put his house in order. They were ready to take him to the hospital when Sam came up with an argument. There was an irrigation ditch that ran around the sidehill. The water from the ditch kept the grass green for some distance, and cattle kept the grass eaten off until it looked like a well kept lawn. A cow had died, and her bleached bones were lying on one of the greenest spots. This gave Sam an excuse for not going to the hospital. He told Chris and Pete, "Just take me down by that cow's bones and shoot me. I wouldn't take near the space that the cow required and I am sure I would not contaminate the soil any more than she did." And the old fellow meant very word.

Of course, they took him to the hospital, and on the third day Sam died. I was away for several weeks and did not know of all this until I came home. My brother Wallace told me Sam was gone. I asked how he knew Sam would last only three days. He replied, "When Sam had a warm clean bed and a balanced diet, but couldn't have his pipe and his chew, I just knew it would kill him."

Sam had no worldly goods of value. He came to our valley with nothing, and he left our valley with nothing. Though uneducated, and by some people's thinking, almost uncivilized, Sam was a friend to me as a small boy, and his memory will always be with me.

J. K. Carper—Mountain Man

(Continued from page 26)

Carper returned home and went straight inside. He came out with his rifle and called his pack together. Rover, his favorite hound, knew. He cowered and lay back.

Carper brought the rifle to his shoulder, and drew a deep breath. Nig was dead. Then Ranger, Tige, Jule and her two pups.

Rover came out from behind the wood pile without being called for the last time. He looked up at Carper. His eyes were sad. Remember the hunt, they seemed to say. Remember the night on the trail. Rover always gave his best. He stood still, like stone, waiting.

It was the hardest thing J. K. Carper ever did in his life but a dog that kills stock is ruined. He fired.

He threw the carcasses on a pile of limb wood and put a match to it. When he walked inside the house his wife and children saw the look in his eyes. They cried for him.

From that day until his death in 1943, J. K. Carper never hunted again. He just couldn't.

Towns Without Whistles

(Continued from page 27)

little town were cared for. Generally there was a shoe cobbler and a barber homesteading nearby. They came to town Friday and Saturday to work at their trade and looked after their homesteads the rest of the week.

There was one little town where the saloon housed a barber chair. A cowboy from an outlying ranch showed up on most Saturday afternoons to do the tonsorial honors.

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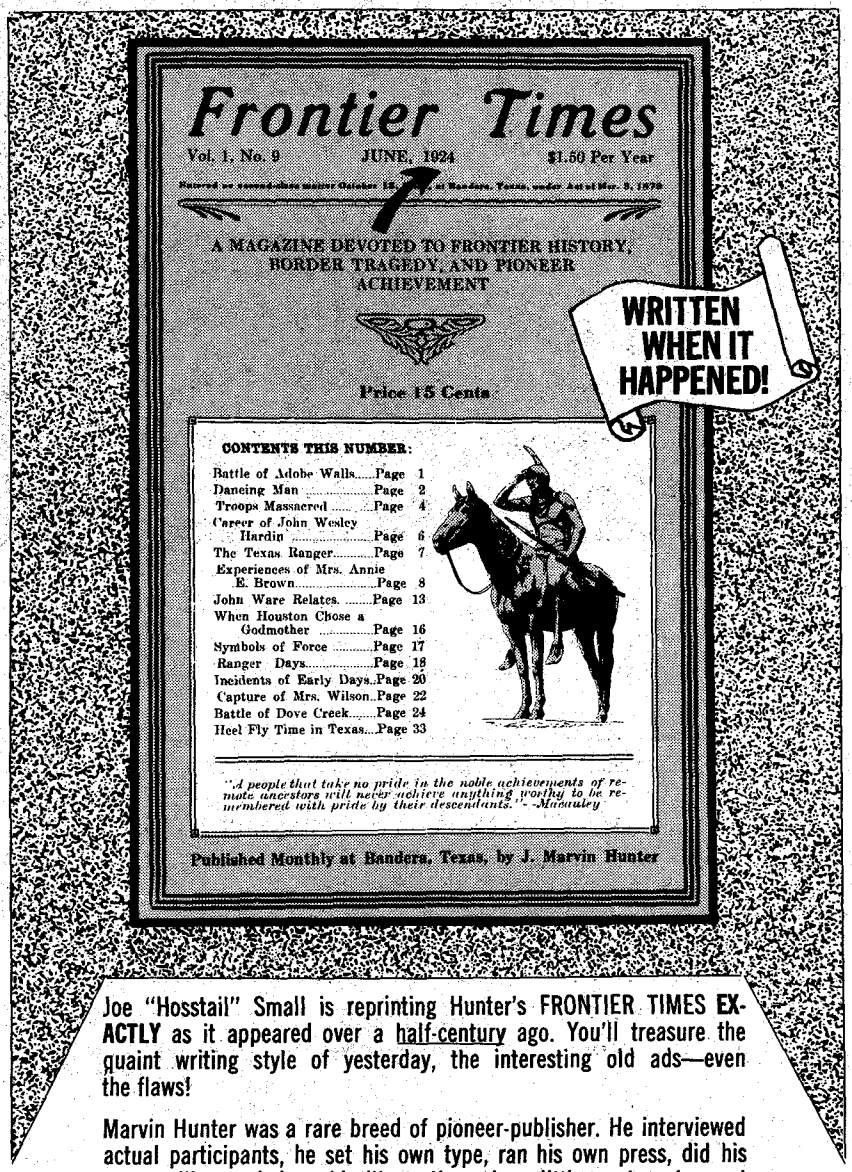
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came on the scene early. He was an independent, self-sufficient soul. He would buy a cheap, outlying lot for his box-type shop because people had to come to him for his services. A blacksmith seldom had a partner but he might hire an itinerant wagon maker or horseshoer during the busy season.

THE most fascinating business, unknown in the older states, was the wagon yard. In reading, I have never found its counterpart in another country. It was not a livery stable in any sense, though sometimes there were saddle horses and rigs for rent, or personal services for the customer's horse.

The primary purpose of the wagon yard was shelter for the traveler's beast and a place of safety for his rig. Service was at a minimum. The typical yard occupied a 50′ to 75′ frontage. Facing the street in one corner was the combination office and feed room, possibly 12′x16′. Often a cot in this room provided the owner-manager sleeping quarters.

Facing the street in the other corner of the lot was the camp house. This was larger than the other building, possibly 14′x20′. Along most of the two long sides were built-in single bunks. Often they were two bunks high. In the rear of the camp house was a small wood cookstove, a table, and several chairs. It was the general practice to make no charges for the use of this camp house.

A continuous shed barn was built around the remainder of the three sides of the property. Four-foot partitions divided this shed into single and double stalls. The manger was along the inside wall of this shed, leaving the rear of the stalls open to the yard. The traveler could leave his wagon or rig safely inside the yard. Substantial gates between the feed room and the camp house closed the front of the yard at night.

The customer unhitched his own horses, pumped water for them, stabled and unharnessed them. He bought whatever feed he wanted his animals to have from the feed room. He could buy prairie hay either by the bale or "flake." Sometimes the word "charge" was used. It was what hay had gone into the old-styled hand-fed baler, as a single charge or forkful, and separated from the rest of the bale easily. A large flake was about what a saddle horse would eat in a single night.

For his horse's grain, one could buy either oats or "corn chop." Corn chop was the trade name given corn that had been run through a mill, set so the individual grain was cracked into several pieces but not ground fine like meal. Corn was supposed to make a horse "heat up" and sweat more, in warm weather especially.

Most folks liked to feed their saddle horses oats. The owner bought grain, a feed at a time, and fed his own horse.

I have stabled my saddle horse many times in wagon yards. The saddle and blanket were left astride the partition with the bridle hanging on the saddle horn, and they would be unmolested in the morning. The stall was always clean when the horse was stabled, and the owner was at liberty to ride away in the morning, leaving it dirty. This and safety

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were the only two services offered. Hay left in the manger in the stall supplied bedding for the next horse.

THE accommodations offered in the camp house were not always needed, but on occasion became invaluable. A rider could care for his horse, take his bedroll into the camp house, leave it in one of the bunks, and thus stake out his sleeping place. He would be privileged to use the bunk as long as he kept his horse in the yard. The customary charge for a single horse was 15 cents for a noontime stay of two to three hours, and 25 cents for an overnight stay. Generally 50 to 75 cents was charged for a team.

People driving to town, say twenty to twenty-five miles for supplies, generally drove in one day, made their purchases, loaded their supplies, and in good weather, camped just outside the building area. They rolled for home at daybreak the next morning. It was a good team that could average three miles an hour, pulling a load. This meant a twenty to twenty-five mile journey took seven to eight hours travel time, plus the noonday stop for feed and rest—assuming the roads were dry and weather favorable.

In case of falling weather, or an unheralded visitation of a norther, the camp house was a haven for a man and his family while his wagon stood safely in the yard and the horses were under shelter. For the shelter and feed for his team and a place out of the weather for his family, a man would pay in the neighborhood of a dollar and a half. At times, people traveling in a covered wagon would stay in a wagon yard during a prolonged rainy spell.

People could also become desperate for a place to sleep away from the weather during a boom, and as a last resort could rent a stall in the wagon yard. Buying a bale of hay, they would shake it out for a place to spread their bedding. One can sleep most anywhere in clement weather, but falling weather, or a prolonged norther, brings the need for a windbreak and a roof.

A LIVERY STABLE was a different proposition. It had lap robes and other goods to sell besides shelter for a horse. In the event one put up at a livery barn, stablemen unhitched, stalled, fed, watered, and curried the horses. If the owner wished his horses hitched up and ready at a certain time the next morning and brought to the hotel, the team was found waiting at the hitching rack.

The liveryman had saddle horses as well as teams, buggies and hacks for hire, by the day, week, or month. Generally he was paid $2.50 for a team and buggy for the day. If the team was kept out overnight, its keep was paid for wherever a stop was made. If a driver was needed, the liveryman furnished for an additional sum a driver who was familiar with the trails. The driver's keep was also paid while he was out on the road.

One of the last businesses to locate in an inland town was a drugstore. Until a drugstore came, the general store carried standard drugs and home remedies for man and beast. It was hard for a town to persuade a doctor to locate if there was no drugstore—and a druggist hesitated to put in a store if there was no doctor.

When and if the railroad finally came, nearly always the survey made a point of missing the established town unless an almost prohibitive bonus was paid to the railroad. If the bonus was not paid, the railroad would lay out a town of its own near enough to destroy the old town.

This was especially true when the railroad town took the same name. The railroad town would ultimately secure the post office. The established businessmen would then have to buy lots in the new town and move their buildings.

Cheyenne, Arnett, Buffalo, Beaver, and Boise City are county seat towns in Western Oklahoma that came into being as inland prairie settlements.

Addison P. Day, Rodeo Great

(Continued from page 21)

rather than put them on railroad cars which was costly. Horses in the river often would try to turn back, so it took one man swimming his horse to make them go across.

Dad had a big dappled horse he called Blue that he had bought in Oregon. Blue was a powerful swimmer and a fine horse so he ran the show. The other boys would put their horses on a small ferry and catch the horses when they landed on the other side.

Dad had a good string of bucking horses and occasionally would stage a bucking contest at the ballpark on the south side of town. The cowboys who worked on local ranches would come in and compete for a $100 first prize. They snubbed the broncs up to the saddle horn, then put a blindfold on. The rider would saddle up and mount, the blindfold would be pulled off, and the fun would start.

That was before there were any rodeos in Alberta. Some of the riders who would compete were Ira Triplet, Tom Threepersons, Earl and Art Whitney, George Armstrong, Dave and Ray White, Harry Bray, and Sol Boulier (pronounced Bouyay), an Indian. A few of his well-known bucking horses were Scarhead, Rooster, Sage Hen and Skyrocket.

A lot of articles have been written about who started and produced the Calgary Stampede; many of them inaccurate. Some articles didn't even mention Ad Day, but this is the true story about the Calgary Stampede's beginning.

In 1912 Guy Weadick and a friend came to Calgary to see about putting on a show. They talked to George Lane, a cattleman, and Pat Burns, a meat packer and rancher. These men know my father, knew that he had a hard string of bucking horses, all the stock needed for a rodeo, and also knew that he could produce and direct a good show. They told Guy to go to Medicine Hat and see if Ad Day was interested.

Dad went to Calgary, talked to them and offered to put up part of the money. They told him they had sufficient money and wouldn't need any more to finance

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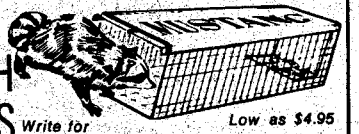

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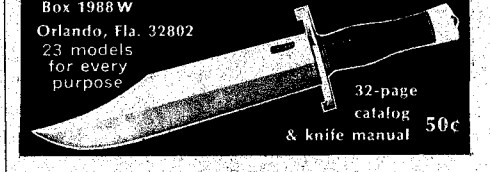

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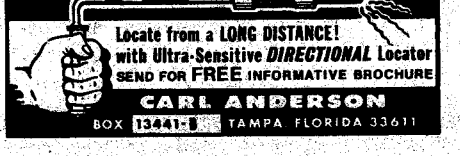

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the show. Dad agreed to produce and direct the show, which he did. Guy Weadick was the Publicity Director and ran the office. He was good at the job. Dad picked Johnnie Mullens, a good hand, to be Assistant Arena Director. He used Johnnie at Calgary and Winnipeg and all of his other shows that he put on each summer, in Gleichen, Medicine Hat, and later in Lethbridge. Johnnie would come up each summer. There wasn't another stampede in Calgary until 1919.

The first Calgary Stampede in 1912 was a fine show. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught attended. It had rained real hard and the infield was sloppy. They had a night show in the horse show building every evening. It was a real good performance, plenty of bucking horses. Esteban Clemento and two other trick roping vaqueros were brought up from Mexico City. They were used in the night show. They were good ropers, colorful and popular with the audience, and were used the next year at Winnipeg. Ed Echols, later a sheriff in Tucson, Arizona, won the steer tying contest. Ford Day, Dad's brother, won the Canadian steer roping contest. He and A. J. Bryson, his cousin, took out Canadian papers and were real good ropers.

Fannie Sperry from Montana won the ladies' bronc riding.

Tom Threepersons, a big blood Indian from south of Lethbridge, drew a final bucking horse called Cyclone. He was hard to ride, as he reared straight up, and most riders got bucked off. Dad liked Tom. Tom had worked for him breaking horses and had worked on his roundup wagon. Dad gave Tom some instructions on how to ride Cyclone. He said, "Tom, don't loosen up when Cyclone rears up; give him plenty of slack on your halter rope and hit him down the hind leg with your quirt." Tom did just that and won the championship bronc riding $1,000 prize. He was a proud Indian cowboy.

In 1913 Ad Day produced the Winnipeg Stampede and had an interest in it. We had a big pasture four or five miles south of Medicine Hat called the Packing Company. There was a big barn and a large pole corral. We had all the stock there to be used in the Winnipeg Stampede three weeks away. We were graining the bucking horses and had our chuckwagon there and the camp cook. There were also a few cowboys who were going to Winnipeg, including Johnnie Mullens.

Fannie Sperry, now Fannie Steele, again won the ladies' bronc riding. Joe Gardner of Sierra Blanca, Texas won the steer roping.

Emery La Grandeur appeared on the scene. He was a quarter-breed Indian of French Canadian stock and a fine man. He was heavy set and about medium height. He had been breaking horses for various ranches, and we considered him to be the best bronc rider in the country, bar none. He rode a double rigged Frazier saddle that was popular with lots of local cowboys. He rode several of my Dad's bucking horses every day in the big corral just to harden them up.

Emery rode on balance and he rode all of the horses the same way and none of them bothered him at all. He spurred them and rode them as easily as we did a saddle horse. We had a circular page wire ring made, where Johnnie Mullens trained some of our horses for trick riding. A cow horse will stop when you throw your leg over the saddle. I helped Johnnie with them and I rode with the trick riders in Winnipeg just for the fun of it. I was eleven years old. The management gave me a gold watch with an inscription engraved in the case.

When we shipped the stock to Winnipeg we loaded the chuckwagon on a baggage car, and the cook and a few cowboys went along. The weather at Winnipeg was fine and all the best riders and steer ropers in the world were there. It was one of the best shows I ever saw. Dad used Jack Hargraves and Jimmie Mitchell, a cattleman, as judges in all his shows. They were from Medicine Hat and were fine, impartial judges. Jimmie was also a good relay rider and won lots of races with his horses, Robin and Cuban.

On the final day of the show the judges decided Emery La Grandeur to be the winner of the bronc riding. Charlie Irwin from Cheyenne was there, and one of his cowboys made the remark, "I guess Emery will win it, as they have Canadian judges."

We had a sorrel bucking horse called the Thoroughbred. He bucked high and straight. Dad told Emery just for the fun of it to get on the Thoroughbred and come out of the chute with his hands in the air, which is one of the hardest things you can do.

Emery said, "If Ad Day says I can do it, I sure can."

He climbed in the chute and came out spurring with both hands in the air and no halter rope, and made a fine ride. The cowboy who had made the remark about having Canadian judges was watching Emery and said, "That guy ain't human!"

That same year, 1913, Emery went to New York at the Madison Square Garden show and won the championship bronc riding. In 1914, 1915 and 1916 he won the bronc riding at Gleichen, Alberta. He also won the bronc riding at Medicine Hat in 1917 and was crowned Canadian Champion.

In 1916 Guy Weadick promoted a Stampede in Sheepshead Bay Speedway on Long Island, New York. The eight-day event was sponsored by the Speedway Exhibition Company. It was a financial flop and they paid off only a fourth of the prize money. La Grandeur was the winner of the bronc riding. Charlie Irwin from Cheyenne had his bucking string there, and also Ad Day's horses. Ad Day was a judge.

IN 1919 my father promoted a show in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Ray Knight had a few of his bucking horses with my dad's string. The Prince of Wales (Edward) attended. It was his first tour through Canada. The events were staged on the track, and across from the grandstand they had a stand on the infield for the Prince and his party.

Prince Edward enjoyed the show immensely, the first he had ever seen.

Ad Day, Jr. in 1935, taken at a feed yard his father was managing just out of Los Angeles.

There were a lot of people in the bleachers down the track who hadn't seen him, and my father asked if he wanted to ride his horse down the tracks with the cowboys. He agreed to, and came out carrying a cane. A cowboy named Brown said, "Prince, you had better give me your cane. Your horse might not like it." The Prince agreed. The crowd gave him a big ovation. Several people wanted to buy Dad's horse and saddle because the Prince had ridden it.

Emery La Grandeur won the bronc riding at Saskatoon.

The McHugh brothers of Gleichen, Alberta, had a big 1200-pound sorrel horse called Fox that was considered the hardest horse to ride in Canada. They put him in with my dad's string of bucking horses for several years. In some shows there was a prize for the best bucking horse and he usually would win it. He kicked so high behind that most riders left him on the first jump. Emery was the only rider I ever saw who rode him and spurred him several times. Emery was a true champion.

The last Calgary Stampede that I attended (in 1919), Emery entered the bronc riding, but after he rode his first horse we could tell he wasn't riding like he used to. The second day he drew Fox, the horse he had ridden and spurred, and he lasted about four or five jumps. He told Dad that was the last bucking horse he would ever ride.

The way I remember it Yakima Canutt drew Fox and he never moved a foot and stayed on him. The next day Walt Whitney got hurt and Yak substituted for him. He was unlucky enough to draw Fox again. That horse threw Yak on the first jump and his foot hung in the stir-

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rup. Fox made four whirls, just missing Yak's head, before his foot came out of the stirrup. Yak got up and said, "I'll never get on that horse again."

Yak made a good ride on a famous horse I Be Damn, and won first money in the bronc riding. Bryan Roach won second money, and Jack Fretz won third. Miles Clark, a young Alberta cowboy, won fourth. Yakima Canutt, after he quit riding, got a job in Hollywood as a stunt man. At present he is a director of stunts for a Western movie company. Emery La Grandeur was a judge at the Calgary Stampede several years. He lived at Hussar, Alberta, and died in 1934.

The last year my father was Arena Director of the Calgary Stampede was 1919. He left Canada that year. Some of the Pendleton, Oregon, men were in Calgary during the show and bought Fox and a horse called Ray from the McHugh brothers for either $2,000 or $2,500.

Charlie Russell and his wife Nancy were guests at the first Calgary show and displayed their pictures at the Palliser Hotel. They once came up to the Lethbridge rodeo that my dad put on and sat in the grandstand with my mother and sister. Russell later presented my sister with a clay model of a bronc's head with a hackamore on it. It was a fine work of art.

Dad put on a show for Lester Work at Bozeman, Montana. Johnnie Mullens and I shipped the bucking horses there. They had a fine performance, and afterward Dad told Lester he was leaving Canada soon and to let Johnnie Mullens direct the next show.

After Dad sold the +Z Ranch at Sage Creek he invested quite heavily in Medicine Hat property. It looked good then. He had two theatres and a pottery and other investments and land. But the bubble burst after the war. You couldn't sell a business or property; you could hardly give it away. Dad left Medicine Hat, losing most of his investment, and he wasn't the only one.

He went to Los Angeles. His knowledge of the stock industry assured him of getting good paying positions. He never let his loss in Medicine Hat affect him in the least; he just forgot about it.

Dad managed a big cattle feeding operation in Los Angeles for several years. He was a good friend of Will Rogers, visiting his estate several times, where Will had a roping arena and a polo field. It was near Santa Monica. Will was always glad to see him.

In 1927 Dad got several millionaires to promote the first big rodeo that Los Angeles ever had at the Colosseum. They had a day and night show. It was one of the best rodeos ever produced. A number of Indians were brought down from Montana. Mr. Hellman, a banker sponsor, even got the city to allow a cowboy parade right down Broadway. My brother Horace and I rode in the parade.

While we were living in Los Angeles, Tex Austin promoted a rodeo in London during the Wembledon Exposition. That was when we had hoof and mouth disease here and no cattle could be exported. Tex gave Dad a contract to go up to Alberta and buy some big cattle for bucking and some lighter steers to rope, and some calves. Dad went to Medicine Hat and bought some big range Angus steers that bucked like Brahmas in London! He also bought the lighter steers and calves. He took the best rodeo cowboys in Alberta and shipped them with the stock at Montreal.

Dad was one of the judges at the show and listed his address in the program as Medicine Hat, Alberta. Lots of people who had relatives in Alberta looked him up. The show ran for two weeks.

In Los Angeles Dad bought beef for two years for a big Los Angeles packer, once going up to Montana and shipping fat steers to Los Angeles for the packing house. He then went to Phoenix and worked for a feed yard at the Pecos Valley Alfalfa Mill Company in Chandler. He bought lots of feeder cattle for them and fattened many in the feed yard.

Later he ran several thousand feeder calves and some big oxen from Mexico on commission for himself. The two owners had big ranches in Mexico and would ship them to El Paso. Some they sold and others they shipped to Dad. He bought lots of pasture for them at Chandler and also at Coolidge. He would fatten the steers up and ship them to Los Angeles or sell the calves as feeders. The owners only came up to Chandler about once a year. Dad was never happier than running these cattle and seeing them fatten.

He could ride a cutting horse as good as he ever could until he was seventy-five. By then I had worked with him for several years. He had a heart attack a few months after his birthday and had to retire. He sure hated it, as he was always so active.

Ad Day had lots of good friends wherever he went, and some of the best, I think, were friends around Medicine Hat, such as Bob Mitchell and Ida and others who came to Arizona to visit him twice when he was ailing.

Cyclone Cave

(Continued from page 23)

pie like a famished dog. 'Ain't this a pretty pattern she poked out there on that top crust for the juice to ooze through.'

"While his boys turned the cream separator he'd sometimes sing off-key 'Down Amang the Coals. Down Amang the Coals. Every night at nine o'clock, I used to court her there.' He said it was a Welsh miners' song.

"He was always telling the boys to 'Keep busy!' No single job was finished before others were undertaken and abandoned. By bedtime everyone was happily worn out. Not a single 'Nay' had been said about slamming screen doors, playing catch with the biscuit dough, or tossing dippers of water in friendly fights around the bench bucket.

"Old Man Spinder would say, 'Time to hit the hay, boys,' and he'd reach up for the gas jet, shooing away the whirling night insects. Missing them, he'd put another crack or nick in the glass shade. 'My game knee's bothering me, so we may be in for a blow before morning.'

"The boys slept upstairs in their blue workshirts, on bare mattresses. They beat each other over the head with pillows and rough-housed a little; they wound down with scary old snake yarns and ghost stories. On stormy nights it was wonderful.

"It seemed like we'd been asleep for hours when the old man yelled up the stairway, 'Git a move on up there, for the storm cave! We're in for a hell of a blow!'

"The house whistled and trembled like it would collapse or take off any second. Curtainless windows let in plenty of lightning and thunder while Mr. Spinder was yelling, 'Grab the lantern and head for the cave!'

"We snatched for our pants and streaked down in our shirttails. Whitey, the younger boy, was half scared to make the dash along the unkept row of gooseberry bushes bowing and flattening against a chickenwire fence. He looked for the barn out in the dark. 'Bessie'll be scared out of the morning milking,' Whitey predicted.

"The old man just said, 'To hell with that cow. She can mind her ownself. Grab that lantern and git a move on! Keep holt of the cave door as you go down.'

"THE LANTERN, not much more than a match in the ocean compared to the lightning flares, guttered out. Stuff in the yard was flying and chickens roosting in the mulberry thicket squawked and blew around. The unchained windmill squeaked and squalled, turning rusty gyrations. Chaff off a strawstack where cattle burrowed in winter, and clouds of hay sucked from the barnloft, picked at our faces. We yelled into the wild wind and we ran and it turned into a wail as wind sucked the breath from our mouths. Mr. Spinder slapped the cob down his jug's throat and used both arms to hug it as he laid against the wind and hustled us kids ahead of him. 'Last boy down the hatch pull the cave door to,' he cried after he jerked up the cave door. We held to it, by a piece of harness strap nailed to the crosspiece.

"At right angles with the back wall of the cave was a saggy old couch whose faded shipping tag still clung to one rusty link: 'WARD'S BEST. $3.00.' Old ingrain carpet scraps partially covered the cot's shallows. Mr. Spinder straddled the cot, with his jug on the floor beside his leg. He sat back against a nailkeg that served as the couch bolster. Striking a match on his pants leg, he relit the lantern wick that hadn't been trimmed in I don't know when.

"'House still standing?' he'd yell before he acclimated his voice to the silence of the storm cave. We held tight to the strap to keep the wind from snatching off the slant door, and peeked out. Dust, not yet settled by rain, nearly blinded us and stiffened our hair with grit.

"The jug made Old Man Spinder a talkative, tolerant man, and after a few swigs, he'd look around at us with the peace of a father whose prodigals are all home safe and under one roof. Then he'd entertain us with storm stories. The chicken that got blown down the whiskey

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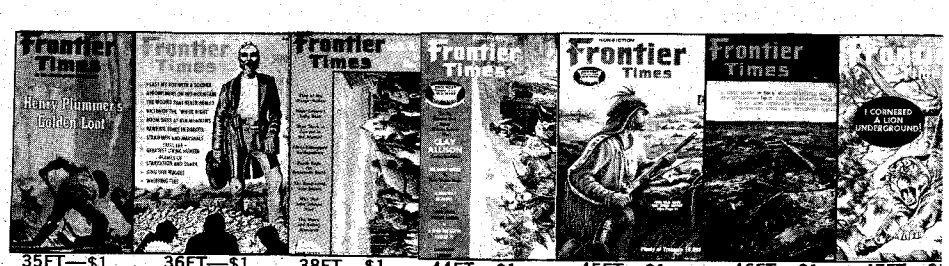
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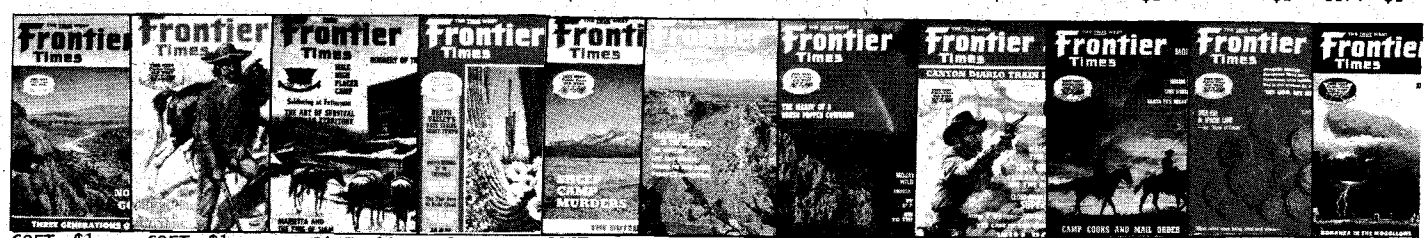
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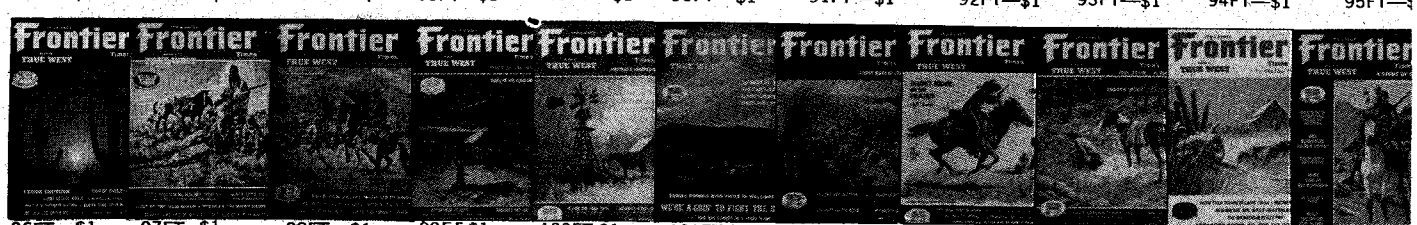
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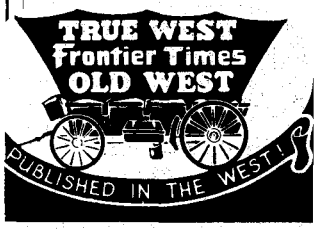

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jug was purely hearsay to him, but he'd seen with his own eyes the day Cora's yard roosters walked uneasy around the henyard for weeks with every last feather blown off their backs. And he knew well a feller lived down near Kechi who was too durn mulish ever to go to a storm cave. Said he'd *see* the dang wind and bolt of lightning that got him. But right there in his own front yard, the wind tore his pants off, leaving him stark bare except for the beltband and the pockets hanging to it!

"The storm cave shelves had once been lined with half-gallon jars of chow-chow, red tomato preserves, snap beans, and jellies in jewel colors. That was before Cora 'had gone to her long home,' as Mr. Spinder put it. The earth floor then had been sprinkled down and swept. Ropes of onions, dill, and seed stock hung from the rafter supports and the place had smelled clean from the kerosene barrel and strong lye soap. There was a big supply of potatoes, turnips, and apples. Now, just a few ragged quilts and yellow catalog pages were strewn around. Jars were empty, except for dust and cobwebs. Some were broken and lidless. The sole hint of creation or thrift in the cave was the old man's crock jar in the corner. A broom handle stirrer stuck through the thick layers of newspaper covering.

"He climbed the warped steps to have a look. 'Outbuildings still standing,' he reported when the slant door again shut out the roar and dampness. 'Not much sailing through the air. But it looks yellow like hail. The cob grinder's laying flat (it had been laying flat all the winter before) but this ain't much of a bad blow and we'll be back in bed before daylight.'

"In the unsteady lantern light, Mr. Spinder could make good double-hand silhouettes of a fat rabbit that wiggled its ears (these were his big-fingers). He could make a dog's head that cocked its ears when he moved his thumbs, and open its mouth when he spread his fingers.

"'Crush up some newspaper and wipe the smoke out of the chimney,' he'd say. 'And don't ketch yourselves on fire.' The cleaned chimney sent out more light that picked up sparkles of a fruit jar, shattered long ago and embedded high in the earth wall. It bespoke the old man's wild aim, a good five feet above the head of a foaming, mangy mad-dog from years back. 'I could never of hit him, aiming from the top step,' Spinder said, 'so I went for the constable like Cora said for me to. The constable didn't think he could shoot a poor suffering animal, so he invited one of the prisoners in the calaboose to come with him. The prisoner just shot the dog between the eyes and then dragged it up the steps for us. He handed the gun back to the constable and walked back to the jail. Them little rounds of felt wadding smelled this place up for a season or two. Like burnt gunpowder.'

"Waiting for the drumming rain and hail to let up, he told us about 'Real Blows' he'd been through. And about when he was a red-faced, bighanded kid,

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hellin' around hunting trouble of a Saturday night. He always fell for somebody's laughing challenge—'Spin, let's you and him fight!' He'd got smart and quit *that*. He always liked sociability. But nobody had much time to listen. Or they wanted to do the talking. Or they were working. Or fixing to.

"By the time Mr. Spinder bragged on his range pony Diablo, we knew the worst was over and we'd soon be back in bed. The rooster down the jug and the Diablo story meant, 'All Clear.'

"Diablo was a range pony domesticated by Old Man Spinder when he'd been young and full of vinegar and raising his first beard. Diablo had to be broke fresh every time he was ridden. Spin, like Artemus Ward and the tiger, fondled the pony with a club. 'Why, he could pitch me ten feet. And *did*. He busted bridles, kicked out of hobbles; bit like sin and tried to eat riders like a bale of hay. He always hid out on the far side of the pen when they was picking horses for the day's work.'

"This yarn could go on and on, depending on the wind's velocity, till Diablo was ready for Horse Heaven. By then most storms were spent. 'Old Diablo got struck by lightning in the pasture—standing, like a damn fool, under a tree. Out of sentiment I stayed home from following the wheat harvest that summer, and skinned him out and had the hide tanned and mounted on a piece of green felt, fancy-notched around the edges with special scissors. It made a purty couch cover but like to bucked you off if you ever set on it. Finally it wore out and I put couch, cover and all down here.

" 'You think that settled old Diablo's hash? Not a-tall. One night we were all here in a high blow. BoDarc White there hadn't been born yet. I wrapped the felt and horsehide around me and went up the steps to check if the house was still settin' square on its foundations. The slant door got clean away from me and old Diablo's hide whipped off my back right past my head and away it went like a sail, whistlin' through a wind that makes this one tonight seem like a spring zephyr.

" 'That was the very last I seen of old Diablo. He just blew back to the prairie, whistlin' out across the wheat stubble, whinnyin' and neighin' like a horse ghost—back to where he come from. Now, when you start back for the house, watch the lantern and mind you don't drag them quilt tails through the mud!' "

Roaming the Back Country

(Continued from page 9)

I believe he had escaped from somewhere, and the owner, not being able to locate him and not wanting to be held responsible for his actions, just forgot about him.

The Indians had legends of what they called the Thunderbird, and there are stories handed down from early explorers regarding huge unknown birds. Not long ago some sort of creature tried to fly away with a ten-year-old boy back East.

I myself saw a jaguar slowly walking toward the dump at Wellton, Arizona and, believe me, there was no mistake about what he was. I've seen them in Mexico. He was a small desert jaguar and weighed perhaps 125 pounds. This is not too surprising, since a jaguar was killed on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon many years ago, and they are seen once in a while in Arizona.

But this is one of the strangest of all and maybe the hardest to believe. Several years ago I was camped near Bouse in the Arizona desert with old Railroad Tye (Charles Tye) and each night, around the fire, we swapped tales about our adventures. Old Abner Bingamon, who lived nearby, was there each night keeping pretty much silent, but he shook us up one night with this tale and, knowing him, I believe he told the truth:

It seems he had been prospecting south of Wenden, Arizona along around 1959 and had gotten tired so he sat down on a rock to rest. He was up on a high bank with a dry wash maybe sixty feet deep in front of him. All at once he saw a huge animal slowly walking up the wash.

He said he knew what it was when he first saw it, but just couldn't believe his eyes, for slowly across the desert sands came a full grown tiger. Abner was scared to death for two reasons: one, he thought he was going crazy; and two, he just couldn't believe his eyes. Old Abner said he watched it walk on out of sight, then he beat it for camp. The next day he and some of his friends came back and looked around the floor of the wash and found some huge tracks. Now, that old man knew cougar tracks, and he told me the tracks they found were much bigger than any cougar ever made.

I tried every way to shake his story. "Are you sure it wasn't a jaguar?" I asked him. "No, it was one of them big striped cats from India," he said. "How much would you say it weighed?" I asked. He figured at least 500 pounds or more.

A couple of days later I got hold of a picture of a Bengal tiger and showed it to Old Abner and he said that's what he saw. He figured the tiger was maybe fifty yards from him, and that ought to have been close enough to know what it was, for the old man had good eyes.

So don't laugh next time someone says they saw an animal out here in the West that shouldn't be here. There are a lot of wild places even yet. If you stop and think about how he might have got here, you'll have to admit that most anything is possible.

She Lived Next Door to Murder!

(Continued from page 11)

it! If we had, I probably wouldn't be here to tell you this, for they made a practice of killing people who knew too much!"

Patricio Maes, hanged from the Gallinas bridge on the night of October 2, 1892, was a good example of that. Evidently Patricio had done some tattling, for on November 7 the District Court issued a warrant for the arrest of Vicente Silva and others, charged with wholesale theft of horses. Although local law officers, as fellow members of *El Partido Unido del Pueblo*, made no immediate

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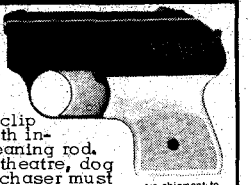

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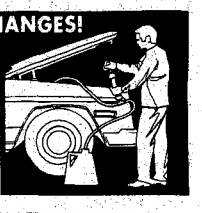

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effort to arrest him, Silva seems to have realized that full exposure of his crimes now threatened.

For some time his mistress, Flor de la Peña, had been prodding him to get rid of his wife. Now she fanned his suspicion that Mrs. Silva and her brother Gabriel were plotting to betray him, and won Silva's promise to get busy and beat them to it.

"MRS. SILVA took Emma down to Furlong's Photograph Gallery to have her picture taken one day soon after that," Clara Baasch recalled, "and I went along. Mrs. Silva said she wanted the picture as a surprise for her husband. A few days later Emma disappeared and was never seen again in Las Vegas. Silva told his wife that he had put the child, for her own safety, in the care of Rev. Whitlock at a Presbyterian Mission School in Taos. But of course she didn't know whether or not he was telling the truth. Then Gabriel Sandoval disappeared. Losing both the child and her brother just about drove Mrs. Silva crazy.

"Next Silva himself disappeared, but that was nothing strange, as he often went to one or another of his several ranches in the area. Most of these were hide-outs for members of his numerous outlaw gang. One of them was at Los Alamos, not the place where they made the atomic bomb, but a little *placita* some twelve miles north of Las Vegas on the Rito Sapello. I remember Mrs. Silva running in all excited to tell my mother that she had a letter from Gabriel urging her to come join him, Emma and Silva there, and all be happy together again.

But it was not until some time in May that Silva finally sent a man with a rig to bring her to Los Alamos. She seemed mighty happy to go, poor woman, little dreaming it would be to her own death."

Mrs. Silva found her husband at Los Alamos but neither Emma nor Gabriel who, Silva told her, were in Taos. Then, having asked for and got some $200 she had with her, Silva stabbed his wife to death. When he and several of his bandits carried her body out to bury it in a nearby arroyo, Vicente's "loyal" partners in crime robbed and dumped Don Vicente himself into the same grave with his wife, caving off the arroyo bank to cover the bodies.

On Silva's orders, Emma had actually been kidnapped by one of his gang and taken unharmed to Rev. Whitlock's Mission in Taos. There she remained for some time until another brother of Mrs. Silva living in St. Louis, somehow heard of the "doin's" in Las Vegas, and came to take the little girl home with him, never to be heard of again in Las Vegas.

"Being just a child at the time," Clara Baasch told me, "all I know about that part of it was just what I heard grown-ups say, but about poor Gabriel Sandoval —I was right there when they found him. It makes me shudder yet to remember how they dragged his body out of the outhouse vault right there in our own back yard! It had been there for weeks. Silva had stabbed him to death, then had the body dumped where he thought it would never be found. It was hard to believe that such a nice-seeming man could turn out to be such a monster!"

After their leader's death, the Silva gang soon began to fall to pieces. A law had been passed by the Territorial Legislature authorizing Justices of the Peace to issue warrants and deputize officers to make arrests with or without the approval of the sheriff. That knocked a lot of politics out of law enforcement. An old Forty-niner named Wooster got elected J.P. in New Town (East Las Vegas), and he promptly put the law to work by deputizing a tough young cowpoke named Bill Green to serve warrants on a fine assortment of alleged criminals, many of them members of the Silva gang.

The Green Brothers, Eli, Billy and Zack, were not outlaws but apparently they were "damn tough jiggers." It was true that Billy had been in a little law trouble out of which he had come clear on the grounds of self defense, but that didn't dampen his attention to duty as Judge Wooster's special deputy. He rode out into the hills and began making "live" and "pack-in" arrests. In the latter the bodies of "arrestees" came to town across their own saddles.

So the first thing Billy knew, Sheriff Lopez swore out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder. Rightly or wrongly, word got to Billy that the sheriff did not mean ever to let him reach the jail or go to trial alive.

"We had moved from the Farmer's Hotel and Pa had started a little bakery on the east side of the plaza behind Murphey's Drug Store," Clara Baasch told me. "It was just about dark and I was coming back from taking some special order to Mrs. Cifre because her baby was sick, when I heard a shot and saw the flash of it down on Bridge Street. It looked to be about where Billy Green's wife had a little restaurant. Sure enough that's where it was. I never saw a street fill up with men so fast as Bridge Street did that night. It was a mob, and no mistake.

"What had happened, Sheriff Lopez and some deputies had gone to the front door of Green's Restaurant and called for Billy Green to come out and give himself up, saying they had a warrant for his arrest. When he refused, they threatened to come in after him, but Billy's brother Eli gave them their answer with a shot that wounded one of them. Some say it was Billy himself who fired the shot. Billy and his wife and Eli rolled the heavy meat-cutting blocks in from the kitchen for a barricade and stood them off until somebody—I have heard it was Elwyn Blake—got a message to the U.S. soldiers who were camped over in New Town patroling a big railroad strike. Right away a captain rushed a couple of squads over to Bridge Street on the double. I heard the captain call out an order to 'clear the street in five minutes or we'll shoot down everybody on it!'

"Billy Green gave himself up to the captain. They kept him safe overnight, but the next morning here he came walking up Bridge Street all by himself. He turned in at our bakery to talk to Pa about going on his bond. When Pa asked him if he wasn't afraid somebody would take a shot at him, Billy just laughed and said he reckoned they wouldn't risk it in broad daylight.

"Nothing ever came of the charges against Billy, but a year or two later he was murdered and his body burned up in Colorado. They say that Eli and Zack Green hunted down and killed every man connected with that murder. They were plenty tough. They were good friends of my father. Pa told us that once they came to him privately to offer him their fighting service if he ever had any enemies making him trouble. But Pa always treated everybody fair and square and never had any enemies that I know of."

For well over fifty years all manner of folks, from trail-dusty cowboys to judges and bank presidents, dropped in at Baasch's Bakery in its final location just east of the bridge. There was a vast variety of fine bakery goods, from apple-butter-filled "bismarcks" to the neatly cubed communion bread that banker Jefferson Reynolds used to call for every Sunday morning on his way to church, and the special Jewish twist bread in loaves two feet long for the Ilfelds, Sterns and Bacharachs.

One of my own pleasant boyhood memories is of how appetizing that bit of Bridge Street always smelled to a country boy, and of how good Baasch's fresh doughnuts tasted on the rare occasions when I had a nickel or dime to spend on such treats. I can remember William Baasch himself, too—a kindly, distinguished looking gentleman with a white beard, strolling on Bridge Street in the evening, puffing a cigar in a meerschaum holder with a head of Bismarck carved upon it. Solid, reliable, peaceable citizen in a time and place of considerable gun smoke and outlawry. William and Elizabeth Baasch have long since gone to their reward, as more lately has their daughter Clara, who continued the bakery for some years after their deaths.

In a time when, believe it or not, a dusty cowpoke could step off his hoss at the Las Vegas Bakery and buy a dozen fat doughnuts for a dime, or a whole apple pie for a nickel, the baker's young daughter did indeed live next door to murder, and lived to tell about it.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 38)

August 30, 1886, his family was notified of the fact that Col. Sam Wood had been kidnapped by a mob of forty Hugoton men. For the record let me say that there were not forty men in Hugoton. Pure fabrication.

The lawyers of the deceased Samuel N. Wood, knowing they could never get a conviction in Stevens County, secured a change of venue and the trial was held in Paris, Texas. My father, Bill O'Connor, successfully defended Jim and those being tried as conspirators and when they were acquitted and came home a quiet celebration was held, a banquet served at the Harris Hotel.

May I say here that Col. Sam Wood, a rather small man who limped, seemed

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to create trouble wherever he went. He was a very disturbing element in the affairs of Stevens County. Very much of Mr. David Wood's story subsequent to 1887 is hearsay, or second and even third hand. His grandmother's appraisal of her husband is quite understandable, but Sam Wood did not have that reputation around Hugoton. David Wood had some of his dates wrong. His statement that the Woodsdale people had gone to the Strip, meaning the Cherokee Strip, to hunt, fish and pick berries—there was little to hunt, as for berries—I wonder what kind.

Our sheriff, John Ridenour, told my father he was going after Ed Short. Father said, "You can't do it, John. That is No Man's Land." But John went. When he returned he had a dead man draped over his horse and that was that. I do not remember the date but one night when my father and I were walking home from his office, as we walked between the schoolhouse and the two outhouses, someone fired two rifle shots at us. He whispered to me to lie flat for a few minutes. I asked him if he knew who it was and he said it was someone from Woodsdale. The bullet holes were still there when we left Hugoton.

The way the Paris, Texas trial resulted left no doubt as to the popularity of Col. Sam Wood and his plans for Stevens County. The Cook brothers returned to their former homes, leaving the Cook ranch for my father to dispose of. The Donalds and Freases and the O'Connors all left Hugoton by the first of the year 1893. Hugoton is today much as it was fifty years ago.

Let me say in closing that this is a rebuttal to David Wood, Jr.'s story in your magazine. A copy of this goes to the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.—Mrs. Thomas W. Frost, 4019-31st Avenue West, Seattle, Washington 98199

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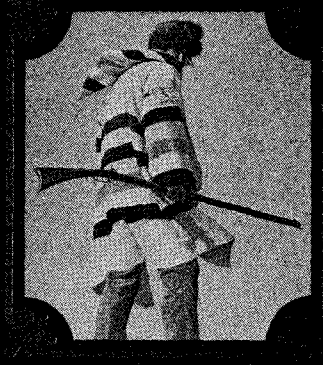

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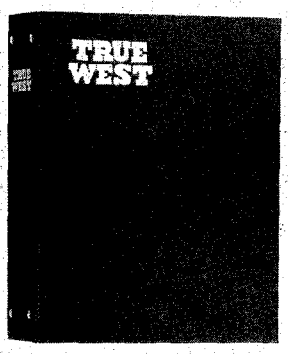

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The way you got there was to get to Clarksdale the best way you could and then catch the train out for Phoenix. I asked a man with a load of hay what he would charge me for a ride to Clarksdale and he said he couldn't charge anything but if I wanted to donate a dollar it would be welcome.

I gave him one of the two dollars I had besides the price of my train fare, and we were off. The train ride was uneventful. We chugged up past Perkinsville to Cedarglade and onto the main line there, and then changed trains for Prescott and on down through Wickenburg to Phoenix. I looked up an old uncle and his family and stayed with them for two or three months picking up a few short jobs now and then for maybe a dollar a day.

But I soon grew tired of it all and decided to return home to Camp Verde. The morning that I was to depart I noticed that a little boy staying with my uncle had spots on his face and didn't feel like playing. My aunt said it was probably a rash and would go away.

Upon arriving in Camp Verde I didn't feel any too good, and the next day I came down with a case of the measles. Since my mother was renting the Fredericks Hotel, our home was vacant and they put me to bed down there and called Dr. Taylor. About all I can remember that he did was to tell me to stay in bed. And he tacked up a big quarantine yellow sign right by the front door.

My stepfather, Jim Bailey, was my chief nurse. My mother would send down nice meals by him from the hotel. After about a week of this I started to feel better and wander around some.

One day I felt like riding my horse so I saddled up and struck out up the river. By the time I reached the black bridge I was tired, and decided to return home through town. I turned down the road that led by Dr. Taylor's office. As I drew near to the office I had a feeling that I shouldn't be doing it. Soon Dr. Taylor called to me to come over and, as I stepped up, he said in a gruff voice, "Young man, do you want to go to jail?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"Well then, get back behind that yellow sign and stay there until I take it down!"

After that when I got restless I would ride down the river instead of up. In a few days I was stronger and decided to leave town with my stepfather.

No sooner than my stepfather and I arrived at our ranch, I saddled a very treacherous horse and was ready to mount up when he spoke to me from the gate, pleading, "Dave, don't ride that horse."

I asked why not and he said, "I have packed the pot for you all spring with the measles, and be damned if I want to pack it for you all summer if you get hurt."

I turned the horse loose.—Dave Hopkins, Box 332, Camp Verde, Arizona 86322

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 19)

"Santa Fe Coloring, History and Tour Book."

The fine drawings were produced by Dean Graves while Ginny Graves did the historical research and text. And the colorful back cover provides readers with a nice map of a large portion of Santa Fe that includes a marked route to follow for a self-guided tour. The tour may begin either at the State Capitol or in the center of the Plaza across from the Governor's Palace. In includes such historic landmarks as Loretto Chapel, Sena Plaza, Padre Gallegos House, the Chapel of San Miguel, St. Francis Cathedral, Burro Alley and what is believed to be the oldest house, constructed about the middle of the 18th century.

If you plan a visit to Santa Fe, the booklet will be a handy guide. If you have visited the oldest capital city in America, then the booklet will bring back pleasant memories. Recommended.

AMON CARTER

The name Amon Carter is well known in Texas and in many other parts of the nation. Before his death in 1955, Carter had led the kind of life most people only dream about. During his lifetime he became a powerful man in politics, in Texas civic affairs and in industry. He was a witness to the growth and change of Texas. But he was a dreamer who made dreams come true. Now his life story has been placed between two covers in Jerry Flemmons new book entitled *Amon, the Life of Amon Carter, Sr. of Texas* (Jenkins Publishing Co., Box 2085, Austin, Texas 78768, $12.95). This 520-page well-written effort is filled with many anecdotes that let the reader see what kind of a man Amon Carter Sr. really was. For those who only knew the man by reputation, the book provides insights. For those who perhaps knew Carter, the book may bring back fond memories.

The book is well illustrated with photographs showing Carter with such men as Will Rogers, Jim Farley, Franklin Roosevelt, Sid Richardson, Eddie Cantor and Edgar Bergen. And Flemmons' writing and interpretation of Carter's life is warm and human. It's a good biography.

Author Flemmons is an accomplished journalist who began working for the Fort Worth *Star Telegram,* Carter's newspaper, in 1962. Since then his stories appeared in many major American newspapers. He is author and editor of the prestigious *Fodor's Guide to the Caribbean.*

APACHE AGENT

In 1931 John P. Clum, then retired and eighty years old, began to record the story of his life as an Indian agent among the Apaches. His eyes were bright and his mind was keen. But early in 1932 he died. It was then that Woodworth Clum took his partially completed notes and finished the task John Clum had started. The story in book form was published in 1936. Long out-of-print, John Clum's story has recently been reprinted. *Apache Agent* (University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, $13.95 cloth, $4.25 paper) details the story of how Clum controlled 4,500 Apaches at the San Carlos Indian Reservation in Arizona, how he and a handpicked posse of a hundred Apache fighting men trapped Geronimo and his followers in the mountains near Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, and returned them to the San Carlos Reservation. It was the only time Geronimo was ever actually captured.

Clum also was witness to the early history of Tombstone. He was the town's first mayor, and he founded and published its famous newspaper, the Tombstone *Epitaph.* All of this and more is detailed in *Apache Agent.* The reprint edition has 292 pages plus index. It's good reading. More than a dozen historic photographs are included. Highly recommended.

LEWIS & CLARK TRAIL

In 1804 President Thomas Jefferson directed Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to find "the direct water communication from sea to sea formed by the bed of the Missouri and perhaps the Oregon." The result was the historic expedition of Lewis and Clark. Archie Satterfield, a native of Missouri who is now a Seattle newspaperman, has gone back over the route followed by Lewis and Clark starting in St. Louis. The result is a highly informative book entitled *The Lewis & Clark Trail; Retracing America's Most Adventurous Journey* (Stackpole Books, P.O. Box 1831, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105, $8.95).

Using the journals of Lewis and Clark, Satterfield retraced the route and gained first hand knowledge to get the true feel of Lewis' and Clark's accomplishments. He tells their story in a highly readable book, and he even provides the modern explorer with carefully prepared maps—nine—plus a key to the maps detailing present day activities and attractions including camping, fishing, hunting and so forth. He also includes selected illustrations from the Lewis and Clark journals. This 224-page book includes a good index. Recommended.

BOWIE KNIFE HISTORY

Anyone familiar with the history of the Old West has heard of the Bowie knife. Now William R. Williamson, an outstanding collector and authority on Bowie type knives, has written a 33-page history entitled *I-XL Means I Excel: A Short History of the Bowie Knife* published by Robert E. P. Cherry and available from Follett Publishing Co., 1010 West Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60607 (sorry no price provided).

Williamson's booklet is the prelude of a larger and more extensive book on Bowie knives now being prepared by the author. But this booklet is a fascinating publication. Williamson not only looks at those persons who manufactured Bowie-type knives but he includes their photographs. And Williamson devotes many pages to photos of Bowie type knives manufactured by such firms as Sheffield, Washington Works and others. Any collector of knives will find this booklet an invaluable reference. Highly recommended.

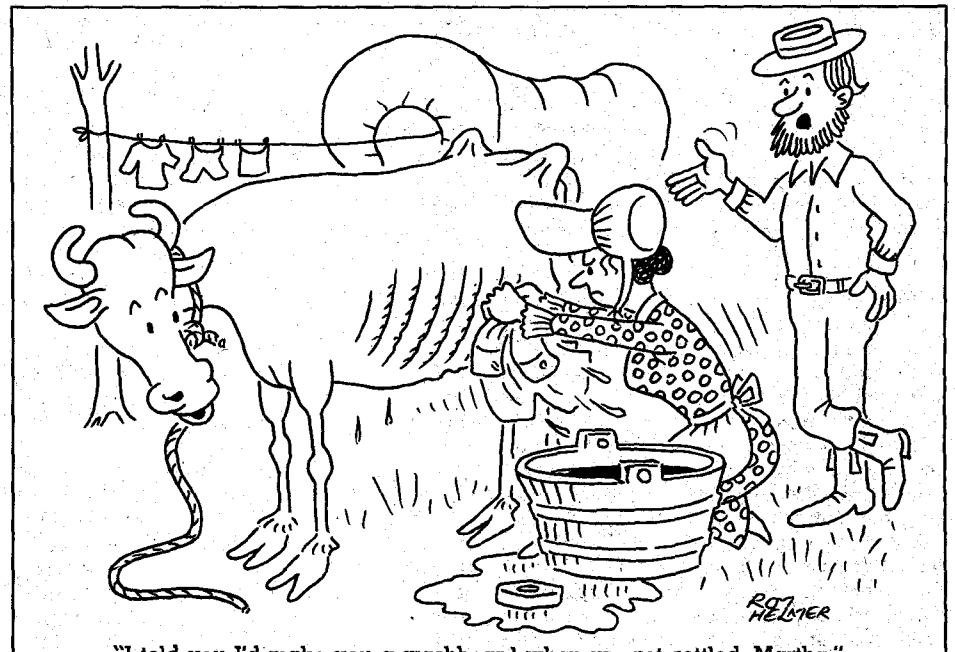
Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 36)

Maine but again I could find no record of her.

My great-grandparents are buried in Newton, Kansas. I have tried to get death certificates on them, hoping to find their parents' names, or where they were born, but was told there is no record of their deaths.

Is there anyone living in Newton, Kansas who might have information on my great-grandparents? Any bit of information, photo or story would be greatly



"I told you I'd make you a washboard when we get settled, Martha."

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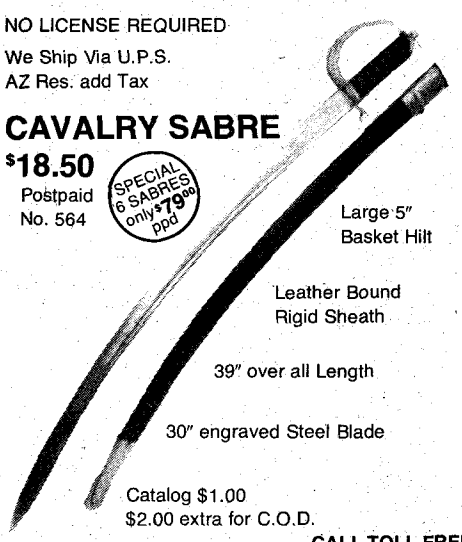

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Dr. James Grablin Doyle

I am interested in hearing from descendants of Dr. James Grablin Doyle who moved from Virginia to Missouri in the 1830s. Dr. Doyle settled in the Saint Louis area.—Raymond W. Watkins, 6119 Beachway Drive, Falls Church, Virginia 22041

Purcell

I would like to exchange information with any Purcell or Purcel descendants. The Purcell Family Association Quarterly Journal offers nation-wide coverage on research now being done on Purcell, Pearsall, Pursley and others. Each issue contains 44 pages of information and photos. Dues $5.00 per year. Free queries.—Forrest E. Purcell, 3929 Southview Avenue, Dayton, Ohio 45432

Clements-Riley

My grandfather, Aaron E. Clements, was born March 5, 1867 in Texas. His parents were William Clements and Delila George Clements. Other children were Sally, Delila, Rollie and Andrew. Rollie became a Methodist minister. Aaron migrated to Seattle, Washington where he married my grandmother, Salita Jane Riley. She was born in Dripping Springs, Texas, February 18, 1868. Her parents were Edward Riley and Jane Daniels Riley. Other children were Amanda, William, John, Pickens, Nell and Nora. Edward Riley died and Jane Riley married Warren Collins. Salita married John Smith July 13, 1888. He died March 14, 1889. Their son was born April 20, 1889. Salita moved to Washington where she and Aaron Clements were married. Any information on these families would be appreciated.—Mrs. Joe Melven, 5806 Pinegrove Drive, Couer d'Alene, Idaho 83814

Swanson

We are doing research on our family and may be able to help others at the same time. The following are some of the surnames we are working on: Bledsoe, Bogenrief, Casey, Daily, Ducket, Edes, Melcome, Nelson, Scholl, Smith, Swanson and Welch.

We would appreciate hearing from anyone who has names, dates, nationality, character, anecdotes or relationships on anyone with these last names. If anyone wishes to know something about people with these names we may be able to help. We are going back as far as 1500 with Scholl.—Raymond V. and Juanita A. (Bledsoe) Swanson, 8673 Fairview, #187, Boise, Idaho 83704

Webb-Scott

My grandfather, John Webb Scott, was born in Butler, Missouri in 1878. He died in 1928 in Ione, Washington and was buried in Oakesdale. He had four brothers and three sisters that we know of: Ted, Tom, Jessie, Roy, Ethel, Susan and Annie. My grandfather's mother was Mary Webb Scott Lear. She was born in 1847 (?) and died in 1908 at Oakesdale, Washington. We believe she was part Indian. We don't know when the family left Missouri.

My father, Thomas Webb Scott, was born in Loff Bay, Idaho, December 11, 1908 and died in Spokane, Washington August 14, 1965.

If anyone has information on any of these people I would appreciate hearing from them. I will reimburse all postage. —Velma Fenimore, P. O. Box 718, Priest River, Idaho 83856

Like

I would like to receive information concerning the Like family. I have managed to trace the family from Glasgow, Scotland (1715) to North Carolina (census of 1899) to eastern Tennessee and Missouri in the 1860s. All the information that I have will be available to anyone wanting it.—Dr. Ron Williams, Livingston Elementary School, 701 N. Willis, Livingston, Texas 77351

Wilkins

My father was Simon P. Wilkins. He was born April 9, 1870 in California. He had a half-brother, Dick, and a sister, Lizzy. Lizzy married a Mr. Burmingham.

I would like to hear from some of my cousins to find out who their parents were and if they were from the family of Dr. J. H. and Melvina Salmonds Wilkins' family, natives of Kentucky. Dr. Wilkins was a noted tobacco raiser. He and his wife had ten children. R. H. went to California; Nathan died in Arkansas; J. C. and W. D. were farmers in Bastrop County, Texas; R. T.; Mary (married a Duvall); Bettie (married W. J. King); America (married J. M. Johnson of Austin, Texas); Anna (married T. N. Harris of Galveston, Texas); and Ellen (married a Mr. Shanklin, a farmer in Bell County, Texas).

I don't know who my grandparents were. I would appreciate any information about my father's family.—Mrs. Harriet Wilkins Holland, Rt. 1, Box 146, Galveston, Texas 77551

White Horse-Baughman-McJunkin

Can anyone tell me anything about the Cherokee Chief White Horse? He was born in North Carolina and was in the Trail of Tears Cherokee migration to Oklahoma. He was the grandfather of my great-great-grandmother Harriet Baughman.

We are forming a McJunkin family association and have much to share on this surname. A lot of McJunkin cousins went West and lost touch. Please write. I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Diana Rafanan, 6425 Ira Avenue, Bell Gardens, California 90201

Sackrider-Saikrider-Sacrider

My great-grandfather, Solomon Cyrus Sackrider, is listed on the 1854 poll tax rolls of Washington County, Oregon; and the 1853 rolls list a John Sackrider who may be one and the same. Family tradition says he came from Canada and may have been French-Canadian, part Indian, Spanish, etc. According to the records of Capt. Cornelius' Co. D, 1st Reg., Oregon Mounted Volunteers, he was listed as S. C. Saikrider, age 26 on October 17, 1855. A license to marry Mary Bowles, July 22, 1863 is recorded at Hillsborough, Washington County, Oregon.

Three children, Isabel Sophronia, Ira William and Ida Caroline were born at Cove, Union County, Oregon. Sometime after Ida's birth, August 20, 1846, the family moved to a large cattle ranch in California said to have been near Marysville. Solomon Sackrider may have been a cabinet maker. He died July 1868 in the mountains near a large lake. One account has it that he died and was buried on the ranch of his Spanish parents near Rockport in the vicinity of Marysville.

Any leads or suggestions on his ancestry would be greatly appreciated.—L. M. Koger, Rt. 2, Box 20, Pullman, Washington 99163

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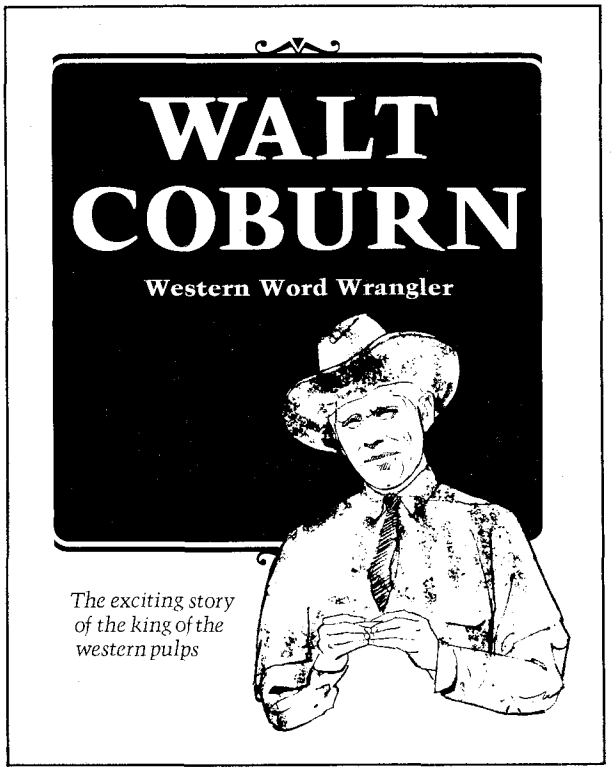

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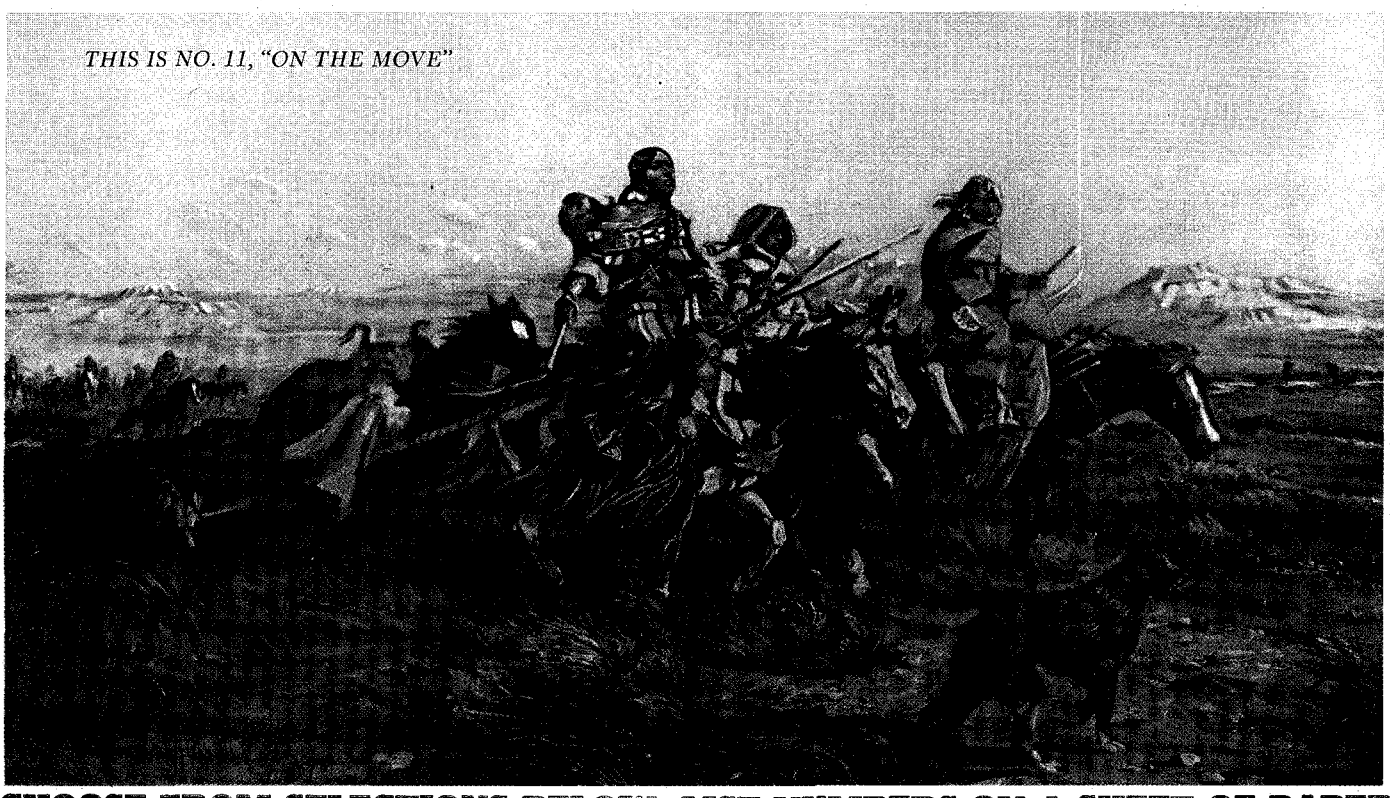

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x
83—When the Nose of a Horse Bec Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x1
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians),
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds,
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet,
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High,
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 1
100—When Horses Turn Back There' Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim,
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In Th 13½x9½

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